



**MORE SHORT STORIES**

**BY**

**BOB ALLISAT**

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

**• FREE FOR PERSONAL USE • COMMERCIAL AND INSTITUTIONAL PUBLISHING OR USAGE IN ANY FORM OR FORMAT PROHIBITED •**

**COPYRIGHT**

**2025**





## TOC

1	Title & Copyright
2	TABLE OF CONTENTS
	Disclaimer
3	Aqua Regis Royal Water
	Prologue ◦ 1. Borealis ◦ 2. Mono ◦ 3. Trail ◦ 4. Camp ◦ 5. Waters ◦ 6. Break ◦ Requiem
17	INTO DARK LIGHT
19	Did You dig? Can you Groove?
20	Visitation
26	BOBVISION ◦ Raspberries, watermelons, sunflowers
27	endless stream ◦ wonder
28	universes ◦ silence of the eternal ◦ all the senseless fuckers
29	UFOLOGY greys, greens, time machines
39	Passing Passed Past Present
43	Hyperproject
47	I awoke lost
48	A Pale Blue Sky
60	Red Indigo
67	In Them There Hills
70	Son Kei
75	Pink House
79	Another Sunset Clause Over Earth Seven
81	Oracle
85	PURE The Human Microbiome ◦ Doctor Sleep Valley Dead
86	Outer Space
88	north wind of dawn
89	Idiot
90	Book
93	CODA

DISCLAIMER: These words were written over thirty years. Utilizing a variety of computers. Across all sorts of events, moves, life stages, work situations and so on. None of these stories have been published except, maybe, to the proto internet (in the form of now defunct Usenet - look it up). They are imperfect. In many cases incomplete or error ridden. I have tried to clean up stories as best I can. However I decided to just put it all out there defects and all. Better than for words to die on some failed drive or obsoleted storage medium. Take from these works what you may. TY + BA



**AQUA REGIS**  
 **$\text{HNO}_3 + 3 \text{HCl}$** 

## Prologue

Destry. A dream. Of Destry dreaming. Of Destry dreaming memories. And then waking there. Again. In Doctor Lee's Chemistry class. But they called him Mister Lee. Because he didn't like to be called Doctor and told everyone so, please and thank you. His way.

But everyone knew he was more than just just a Mister. Indeed a Doctor Lee. A real Doctor of Chemistry. Nobody really knew exactly why he was there - in this fucking high school there and everything - but he was. Dr Lee was real even if no one believed it. They called him Mister Doctor Lee anyways.

In big black gloves Mr. Dr. Lee held a beaker of orange fluid was under the fume hood itself under the tall steel chimney that could be seen from miles and miles and miles and countless miles around. In the pond of light in the darkened lab a tray of shiny substances, the voice of Dr. Lee, Mr. Lee sounding in the silence of thirty five teens for once rapt, absorbed and as one at two thirty in the afternoon sometime in a nineteen seventy two reckoning of time. Watching. Silent. Mesmerized.

"This is Aqua Regis, royal water, nitrohydrochloric acid. It is a combination of hydrochloric and nitric acids and it will dissolve virtually everything. Most specifically dissolving the so called noble metals we studied last time. I lied to you when I said they could not be broken down. Well, maybe lied isn't quite the right word. I didn't mention that they can be. Dissolved. By this substance. This property of this fluid - formula  $\text{HNO}_3 + 3 \text{HCl}$  - this will be on the exam - dissolving gold - has and is valued by ancient and modern science alike. It was and is exceptional and exceptionally..."

Destry's memory of words after that faded to nothing. Leaving only retinally burned images of metal vanishing. A tiny gold wafer disappearing in a cloud as the brightness and darkness, stone and soil, smell of moss and pine and the sounds of something far and near absorb what was, what is and what will be into one - again.

## 1. Borealis

Sunlight strobed sharp, orange. Trees, shattered, black, flowed into a tiger striped sky. Waking from a bad sleep, looking out the car window, Destry didn't know what he was seeing. For a moment panic overtook curiosity in what his eyes consumed.

The illusion vanished.

It was not sky or trees but the glazed, sunset reflection of it all in a roadside swamp. Suddenly replaced by black as the car reeled into dense pine forest and rock the highway north only glanced through.

It was like driving into prehistory. A cool resinous ice age smell engulfed them. In Destry's imagination the boreal wilderness swept across the hemisphere. Even though he knew better. Having seen with his own eyes what the years had wrought. Visions of still water, brutal rock face, verdant moss, gesturing trees, water, silence... the unending wild fought to pull sleep over other more disturbing thoughts. New visions of strip mines and five bedroom cottages on pristine lakes, drunk



barbecues and gross motor boat revels, savage timber roads, brutal clearcuts assaulting the autochthonous. Forever marring the impenetrable, rending his illusion finally. And yet it could be revived in his mind's eye. Illusion so real.

"I'm glad you're up." Rostov's voice broke the struggle between sleep and here in the car. Destry woke. "I'm Having trouble concentrating. Thought I saw bigfoot back there." Rostov was driving - not me - Destry momentarily had to remind himself

Destry smiled to himself as remnants of sleep dove away. Destry had forgotten that he was in his car and Rostov was driving to allow him - Destry - some much needed sleep. Rostov looked totally beat. Hair standing on end from the curious way he combed it with his hands whenever he felt too much of anything.

"I should drive." Destry replied.

"Ya." They drove on.

"Well."

"Ya."

"And..."

"I can't stop."

"What's wrong Rostov."

"I'm in a trance."

"A trance?"

"The - been driving to long and want to get there even if there is a tree - trance." Rostov laughed. The car magically slowing. Destry told him he was crazy. Changing places the outside air was freezing.

"That's cold." In the rearview mirror Destry couldn't see Rostov's mouth say those words. Words that didn't go with eyes that looked calm. The words sounded wound up, afraid. Sleep would take Rostov soon. Leaving Destry alone to drive. Destry wanted to prolong the company, still feeling sleep pulling on him.

"That's nothing. You'll see in January. Thirty, forty below. For weeks. It doesn't let go. Kind of spooky. I feel it you know, the cold."

"So do I."

"I mean all the time."

"So do I."

"You're from LA. Leo. LA."

"So? I read Jack London too you know. Spit freezing, husky dogsleds and frozen prospectors. All that."

"I'm serious." The sound of motor filled the talk between the words. "Ever been up here in the winter?"

"Never."

"You don't really know what cold means then. How it can get inside you. The snow doesn't clear until May some years. And we're lucky if it doesn't snow tomorrow. It freezes from the inside out. Comes out from the ground through the soles of your feet."

"Frightening. Just frightening..."

"It's alive. And you can't live without it. You know what I mean?"

There was no reply. Rostov was gone, dreaming Santa Monica - or was it Santa Barbara? - dreams against the cold, far away from the words of this strange ice-man Destry. Rostov lived far from the words and the out there world that was rushing by. Far away. Destry's words continued inside his head... existing inside as much as out.

Cold. Bitter cold. Permeating everything, backdrop of every action, even in the middle of summer. Cold. Because it's inevitable, deadly, all consuming. Chances are one won't die in the heat. Death comes in the dark months. How many people have perished in the silence of the woods under eight feet of white, in nights blue and star full?

When the car finally stopped it was the fullness of a northern night. And the static crackle from the sky heralded bands of luminous colour that even description as "Northern lights" could not draw from their profound strength, intense power and luminous beauty.

## 2. Mono

On the surface the north was not Destry's habitat either. Anymore. If ever. Being the son of white parents, immigrant invaders, his place was somewhere else. Europe generally. Middle Europe more specifically. Where spring comes early and stays long, summers verdant, autumn gentle and winters mild and relatively merciful. A world of culture steeped in another mindset, a different path to another perspective on the universal internalities.

Yet the north had somehow infiltrated Destry's blood. Driving into the night it was in there already. Full blown. Unmitigated. Even if he took on the ways of the world of privilege the University had offered him North was a sanctuary he could not bear or bear to leave. Money, time, freedom, were his or he theirs. But this place had it's secret stake on the core of Destry's being, such as it was. All the colloquiums, seminars, conferences and meetings in the world could not dim this grasp.

Destry escaped Northern Ontario as soon as he could. His engineer father moved a lot. Carrying his family around with him from ore town to extraction site and on. He designing shaft heads, conveyor belt assemblies, processing plants... the myriad of functionalist mining and related structures. From one offer or opportunity he could



not pass by to the next. This wandering in the North lead Destry to run far away to never missing here. And needing it as man needs air and water.

In night's dreams Destry never left the place. It was his mind and his land, inherited after his mother died, that they were all going to existed as the external proof or anchor or alter. Three thousand acres of pretty much primordial forest. They had called it The Camp.

Destry didn't. It bordered on an unbroken tract of crown land that went all the way to Polar Bears and James Bay. His shard of land, impenetrable bush, wetlands and forest - was all wilderness, very little camp. The buildings, seven in number, logs felled from the clearings they stood in, made not so much as a meadow in the forest. One that had to be hacked clear three or four times over the course of even the brief summer "up there". Even though inroads and encroachments tore from the greater lands around so sharply they left his land untouched.

Summers he visited here. Truthfully it was essential to his survival in the suit world he had come to inhabit. It meant a physical attachment to something greater, something true, amidst the lies and liars, the words and endless papers.

Something about the sound of the engine idling there in the gloom bothered Destry. He listened close. Maybe a vibration. Around the dash, in the bottomless pit of a vent he felt something in his hands' search for the source of the sound. Something cool to the touch, metallic, round. Drawn out from where it was lodged the reveal was an icy Saint Christopher's medallion. He couldn't figure where it had come from. Unless his ex-wife had put it there or someone had lost it once upon a once upon a time. He rolled down the window and flicked it out feeling for just an instant regret if only because it was not an ugly thing. The satisfaction of seeing the metal for an instant flicker as it spun off into the falling night black was greater. Still the thought glanced through his mind that he should, regardless, pray for forgiveness for losing something so beautiful as that superstitious head pressed into pewter and chromed.

Destry did not think of the acreage, the land, the wilderness as his in any way. The deed had his name on it. All the rights were secured. Destry had purchased the mineral and timber rights to the property so that while he was alive anyways it would remain pristine. The taxes were all paid. Posted red, six inch diameter target practice reflectors signalled no hunting, no fishing, no trespassing every two or three hundred meters. But he could no more own the land in his mind than the land could own him.

Yes, he had been moving since birth. Every year or six months. The habit, the love of change, the routine or packing, unpacking, finding, losing, moving, persisted. It was a marauding sense that sitting still was to be dead. It was not the same sense of non-ownership that the indians around here held hard and deep to in their misery. It was being unattached, unsituated, wandering. Who could own anything who never stood still?

Four hours along the Highway and night was thick. It would be hard to see the turn off and everyone always missed it, even Destry from time to time. The ground slashed by the tracks of the machines. Streams and ponds and lakes silted brown. Someone said The Company never really nailed down the timber rights this side of the wasteland. Then the government changed before they could build and join the



sister road beyond. That was forty years ago. The threat of that other road plunging to Destry's border and destroying what remained was always there.

Every year it became a little rougher the road on his side. Trail towards the final few miles until it just ended in a density of marsh. One day it would disappear. At least on Destry's land. That was what he wanted.

There where other more inexplicable paths - not just animal tracks - leading here and there just went back were they started, others went on and on and seemed endless.

Destry was a surprise to the natives. He knew more than he should about his land. More than the regular assholes from away - more than many god damned indians. But then those ones had lost touch. Maybe forever. Their houses lined miserable dirt roads. On land parcelled to get them the hell out of the way of Europeans. Out of the sight of decent white people. In those houses, eating food from outside, in the drugs and beer, gasoline and glue, the murder and suicide and more death, they lost it all, entirely.

He imagined himself fighting the invading europeans to the last brave - imagining extinction to be preferable to this brand of penury. Yet still some of these lost, drunken stinking fuckers knew so much. No matter how removed, how compromised.

Destry was proud of his skills in the woods. He could go in with an axe, matches, some line and hooks and come out in a week or two none the worse. They - the native - could go in with nothing though. And never come back. But he was good for a white man. Damned proud of that. Pretty damn good.

That didn't stop him from missing his road, so wrapped up in this reverie was he. Rostov slept on even with the silence and the cooling air. The whole scene glowing from above that sparking sound and metallic smell he could swear drifted down permeating everything.

### 3. Trail

The car turning around in a continuous crunch of gravel woke Rostov up. He was sharp now. "Are we there?"

"Almost. I missed the turn."

"I thought you could find your shadow on a moonless night."

"I can. I just can't find a god damned road for all them trees."

"Are you sure we passed it then."

"I'm sure. See that mileage post."

"4-3-2 ..."

"That's after the turn-off"



"You missed it before?"

"A few times. Last time I was here."

"You're losing your touch Mr. Destry."

"Or my touch is losing me."

"I don't think I can figure that one out. "

"Try Sigmund."

"Yes, Herr Doctor Jung." Time, trees, rock, slip between words - the machine car almost silent, moving, slowing. "This is a turn-off?"

"This is it."

A rush of bush blocking the road from the highway and the car ran along smooth and slow, undulating in an easy, side to side motion. Brush hissed along fenders and doors.

"How is anyone ever supposed to find this?"

"They're not."

"And the others?"

"They're already here."

"You didn't say."

"I had a local drive them in. Yesterday."

"Any more secrets?"

"Lots. Hang on..." Four miles. An hour. Down. Up. Down. At varying angles and grades. The road had deteriorated into something hard for Rostov to discern from anything else in the headlights.

Destry turned the car sharp around and they stopped "The parking lot." Destry dug around and a flashlight cut on - he shone it out the window. Red and amber blinked back.

"I nearly hit it - whose?"

"I don't know. How can you tell from cats eyes?"

"Well whose ever it is doesn't know how to park."

"How far is it to the hotel? And where's that damn limo?" Rostov's voice calm, all good humour.

"Indeed old chum. But if you want to get there this year we'd better walk. Just an



easy stroll through the jungle."

"I'm in the mood for a stroll - nothing quite like a stroll before dinner."

"Let's leave the bags till tomorrow, shall we?"

"I need my stuff. Don't you think we should just get it over with?"

"I guess. I guess I need a hernia to join the crick in my neck from sleeping like Nefertiti."

It was too much for two people to carry. Backpacks, four cases, a couple of computers slung on shoulders. Not heavy. Awkward. And it would have been child's play if it were to snow with a toboggan.

"Is the car safe?"

"Here - " Destry pressed the little black key chain. The lights flashed and an abbreviated shriek escaped from the car. " - armed."

"Now I feel a little better."

The trail rode the hills and rock in a regular straight line. To where surveyors and clearing crews had penetrated. Where the cars stopped was where the heavy machinery had turned around, grinding out a clearing that had lasted forty years and may still be there ten thousand from now.

A huffing, puffing Rostov kept up with Destry. They both stumbled on some root or thing layered into the path. Rostov speculated that it may be a booby trap set by the unfriendlys to warn of our arrival. Destry could only laugh so tired was he from the night.

#### 4. Camp

There was a small crowd waiting at the end of the trail. No-one - at day two - evidently confident enough to go out into the dark and meet the car. It was an easy hike in day light. At night evidently there was no telling what was out there.

There was nothing to worry about. To get lost in the bush, heavy off the trail, would have required a machete and real determination. And animals, real and mythic, stayed timid, smartly away from the stink of them, their guns and engines of death and terror.

There we were assembled on the porch of a cabin virtually in the middle of nowhere. Talking. Joking. Loud. Gunther, Hillman, Artemis, Rubin, Gene - the only one we called not by his last name. Why? I guess Gene was more of a caricature in many ways. Myself and Rostov. Seven sons of Jews and Magyars, ex-slaves and wage slaves all. Assorted steerage swill suckered and shipped to America's industrial monster as just another raw material. Or given patches of prairie or forest to clear and husband to feed the gentry. Only to lose it all to them once the work was done in some economic crisis manufactured to restore the continent let alone known anything at all about continents. Or each other.

You could hear them talking far a ways off. Gene was laughing his head off over a Rubin joke. They sounded giddy. Like this was the first day of summer camp and not the last days of May. '... I think it's Daniel's Boone ...' was all Destry and Rostov heard of the joke.

"Are you responsible for all that ungodly ruckus Rubin?"

"Destry? and Rostov? You know you're late for dinner. You boys have a lot of explaining to do." Rubin wagged his yiddishe finger at us.

"Like how it is that no-one had the nerve to meet us at the car and help us lug all this shit."

"Well, Deerslayer Destry, we just though you'd like to show us all up, here in the land of the murmuring pines..."

"Gene are you talking? I thought you were only capable of laughing."

"I am - I am not, does it matter."

"Well not much, you actually useless and seemingly multi-talented genius. By the by, will you take this please. It seems to be pulling my arm off." Rostov threw a bag towards Gene where it fell.

"Christ man, what's in this?"

"My trusty Encyclopaedia Britannica."

"Always useful in the wilderness."

So it went, a bunch of boys in men's bodies. Temporarily playing the kids in the krout gang for now with their anti-everything shtick.

They would sleep, eat and live in one cabin. Destry had built two. The other would be office and lab. The group, talking everyone, made their way inside.

Later. Exhaustion set in and a cold cold rose from the earth and settled down from the air. Talk across the cabin table died. Every one retired to their bunk, their sleeping bag, their dreams.

Artemis alone read late into night by candlelight at the table. His shadow dancing on the rounded wall of bark, a deer's head flickering manically into and out of the light.

Destry dreamt of a trip his father had once brought him along on. They drove in the cab of a truck he had to be lifted up into. A truck that was red. He could see all the world up there in that truck. Only the road they where going down in the dream lead into the earth this time. And when he looked around he was alone and the truck out of control. Everything was black and screaming. It was the last dream Destry remembered any ways. Before he woke in the dawning light.

The rest slept. He could hear the cook, a fat guy named Whitefish, already at work. Must have just arrived. He brought his own cooking things and had made breakfast





with what he had found by the stove. It sat getting cold as he put things away his job over until dinner. That was the deal. Two meals. For lunch they where on their own.

Whitefish went to his bunk, fished out a rifle and left. Destry ate his share still warm on the inside. The trails pulled Destry away from camp, free until the Protocol meetings scheduled to begin at one. They would continue until mid-June when the work would begin. Those years before, digital proposals and counter-proposals flashed across the continent. Microseconds of compressed data and text fled across the world's gentle curve and unwound in minutes and hours of reading and analysis on these men's far flung desks, lap tops and mainframes. Over time the pattern of a consensus came to pass at least concerning the outlines of the study.

There had been fourteen involved at the start. After the APA, Section 196 Seattle Papers Meeting. A American, P Psychological, A Association. Section 196 - Human Psychogenic Pathology [Experimental] Division - composed of about seventy members in total. Including reasons. It was a wonder that anyone at all had survived considering everything.

Most knew each other before. From grad school, Post Docs, colloquiums, from old division X or Y. Like anything in these bastard sciences, it was more of a club and less a pure search for truth than any one of them would dare admit. They all studied more or less the same thing - the development of mental illness and genetic traits. In humans. Some worked with monkeys or apes. Most preferred our own brethren and sistren.

Over the years they formed their division, published their quarterly, held their symposiums, formed their click. Away from the glare of the APA Circus. Happy in oblivion. Content with the importance of their work and happy to avoid cont

Any ways, there where so many god-damned divisions to the Psychological Association that no-one really knew or cared what went on in the next one. 197 Forensic Psychology, their own 196, 195 Neonatal Psychotherapy (if you can believe it) and so on up and down. They where each planets in different galaxies in other universes. No one knew what really was going on altogether. No-one cared. As long as their little hill was there for them to run to the top of. As long as they where somebody, somewhere.

Divisions formed and reformed, where spawned, dissolved and created with rapidity. It was a Circus. A psychedelic Cirkus with a K. As prolifically macabre and absurd as the DSM 4 or 5 or whatever the hell it was now - a wild assortment of radically diverging cooked up syndromes, imaginary mental illnesses and so on.

The next while there in the wilderness would determine the exact procedures to the study which had been outlined. That was

For his walk he followed a favourite trail to the little creek that ran from a crack in the rock. It was uncanny how the water just came out and didn't stop. And how clean and sweet it tasted. It was about two hard miles from the camp. He had brought a woman with him one time. An architect from Boston he had met while there meeting with three of the others. It was one of the more special places he had found. He was happy that she knew about it, though they never saw each other again. Happy that someone beside himself had appreciated here.

The sense of shade returned with the thought of two o'clock. In a place he went to escape time and timetable it seemed odd to have to be somewhere at sometime. A feeling, sudden and strong surged to the surface. Destry found himself saying to the water - "They should go." Saying to himself "We've come too far to stop. It's just fear or maybe tired speaking. - I should get back."

Two o'clock. Around the table. Notes would be taken by all and later exchanged. It was an effective way of seeing how others perceived events. A better way to share thoughts. The chair of these meetings would rotate alphabetically by first name... Artemis, Destry, Gene, Gunther, Hillman, Rostov and Rubin then round again. It had worked so for years.

Destry arrived.

At dinner Whitefish passed a paper to Destry on the way away. Tomorrow would be his off day. He could get back to destroying what little was left of functioning organs.

"What's this?"

"They gave it from Holden Station."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"Christ man, next time right away, okay?" Whitefish shrugged. "E-mail Artemis."

"What's up chum?"

"Call me a cab." Artemis handed the letter to Gene.

"Bad news?"

"Someone's pet has been discontinued."

"I have to get back. I hope it can be salvaged."

"What does it say. Maybe its a mistake." Rostov takes the paper from Gene reading it out. "F

"What does Rgts mean?" Hillman looks out at the world from behind his glasses.

"It means I'll be seeing you..."

"In all the old familiar places." Rubin smiled with the rest. There was a brief discussion. Gene said he wanted to go with Artemis to Sault Saint Marie.

Everyone looked at Gene. He would not be returning and only Gene didn't know it. The last days he had slept poorly, hadn't eaten since he arrived and hardly spoke during the meeting.

He told Rubin, everyone's amateur shrink, that he dreamt of bears. Rubin thought



he meant Teddy Bears. That brought a laugh to the lunch table while Gene was off pissing one day.

Gene rationalized that he needed a break. He would check into a hotel for a couple of days. But there was no way for him to get back here. Destry would have to drive them there and back even though the preparations were under way. And once it started no-one could leave. So it was that Gene and Artemis left.

The next days meetings began. The adjustments necessary to continue the study were made. The gaps left behind by the two filled. The idea of cancelling the run was dismissed. The feeling was that this opportunity may never repeat itself. Already it was years in the making. Rubin sealed the debate by calculating the odds of the necessary sabbaticals, leaves of absences, divorces, separations, marriages, and finances arriving at the same time again to be about one in one hundred forty six billion, three hundred nineteen million, one hundred ninety eight thousand three hundred nineteen. And a half. The laugh was enough to carry the day.

The time was divvied up. Loads increased. Off time decreased. What came out was not that different from the last protocol. It was light years from the original which had been pared down, whittled away and compromised to hell by time and its erosive passage.

The discussion began so far away, so long ago. About reproducing as many of the variable, sub variables and on it went.

The debate there and then also lead to a consensus. Destry would be it. Even before the departures everyone knew it would be him. It was his show and he was the only one who could really do it. He favoured himself over the others for the same reasons that the others thought he would be the ideal GP - the perfect subject - a real good Guinea Pig.

It could have been any one of them at the beginning. Destry won for a number of reasons - primarily that he was in the soundest physical health of all. And had the least familial responsibilities. Mother, father, dead. No sisters or brothers. No children. A heart like a jack hammer. More than enough.

The same couldn't be said of the others. Heart attacks, ulcers, allergies and intolerances added up over the years. On top of all that wives, dependents, old mums and dads, support payments and obligations of love ruled every one else out. Destry was alone with his work. Without connections save for one ex-wife now happily remarried and living in Mormon Salt Lake City, Mars.

## 5. Waters

Once it all started the experience for Destry had the air of taking the waters. The days and nights and food and water were regular, paced. To know where it was going seemed to make it easier for Destry. The silence was a relief in some ways. He pretended not to taste the alterations in the food and water. Only the intravenous bothered him. A slight infection made it itch and he felt like ripping it out occasionally.

Ripping it out and saying fuck this shit, let me out of here. Even though nothing had



It was the reality of what to do all day locked in that room that he ran into. No books. No pass times, no time. Just light turning on and off after intervals. Destry still remembered all the details of what was occurring.

A gradual disorientive process, the intangible increase in chemical dosages and the changes in content - neurotransmitters, sodiums and potassiums, etc. The depletion of and surge in blood sugar level, pulse and fluctuations in a myriad of bodily functions that would be induced by Gunther, Hillman and the gone Artemis and their IV cocktails and food additives. All to prepare the physiological soil for the more obtuse work of Gene the departed, Rostov, Rubin and Destry, co-author and now subject of this rather perilous experiment. Their work was psychological and centred around disjuncture.

So he tried. He tried to keep the internal record, to remember every twinge, every odd tingling on his endorphin insides. Destry first felt everything swirling out of control when his tongue went numb one day and one ear stopped hearing. No-one knew that had happened. Because even Destry didn't realize at that point it was unusual. The voices had started a few nights before. Voices that began drowning out all the signs and telltale indications. Voices that flooned.

He didn't try telling these. By that time it was hard enough focusing such blazing images that were now entering his eyes from within. Images of forests on fire, pine needles exploding into a knee capping furnace, a gong flow reptile, trees crashing as if some giant blueberry hand had simply pushed them wendy over, an eighteen fingered hand of sapphire pushed winds that sent Destry head over heels, heels over the next great thing a ling. Absorbing the voices finally in the after water world of blackened toast, waste, jam and a realm he wandered through, alone for a time, but alone for ever and ever amen.

And then there was silence.

Inside it all. Inside Destry. A jet pitchness that consumed all but a pin-point of light that seemed to be something. To move and encompass events somewhere. Recognizable? Remote. Eternally distant, vastly insignificant. And moving, actions, reactions all meant nothing - telescope from the wrong end. And what was around.

He tried looking around. Away from the pick pin camera view. And could only catch fleeting glances of fleeting illuminances. Illuminances. Twisted, warping, moving so fast. So slow. No. Yes. No.

## 6. Break

The screaming had lasted till dawn. When Destry fell silent. Not sleeping. Caught in the unknowable. All they could not record, could not graph or count.

All the time we were looking for him he felt around the room for escape. He must have scraped the tunnel with his bare hands and lain there listening if he could hear, if he cared to hear. It was not clear to either of the men what to do now.

The prick of light swelled attacking Destry. Who had been so long in the darkness that he held his internal hands before his inner eyes - which did nothing to stop the seeing. The light and now the motion within it rushed on at a fantastic rate.



Bear? Or was it a wolf or wolverine? Raccoon? Otter? Snake? Fish? Cougar? Animal... all animal

Animal rushing. Animal consuming Destry. Tearing his screaming guts out from within. animal enraged, eyeless now he saw, animal.

The rain slackened for a moment. And the men stood out, soaked and silent, looking, wondering. The double report startled everyone. As one, they ran to where the sound came from.

An indian stood there in a new blue hockey jacket, a green, filthy John Deere baseball cap and equally dirty jeans. A shot-gun cradled in his arms muzzle down.

"He attacked me. I thought he was... Sorry."

No-one knew what the indian was talking about - everyone knew what the indian was talking about. The naked body of Destry had been blown into the blueberry bushes by the force of the shotgun.

Together they carried Destry back to the camp led by the indian's flashlight. Over the four hours of the procession they could feel the heat of life drain out of what once was Destry and the dead weight heaviness of the body increase. The black night, rain, cold wind rushing, stopping, starting, pulling and catching the procession, almost blowing them all down once.

The indian left after shoving the table aside for us to lay Destry's body on the floor. The other men fell into their bunks exhausted. Despair and darkness swirled silently in the room. Individual oblivion consumes the night and unknowable dreams released seep unbound from infinite darkness.

### Requiem

Destry lay there, cold and unawares for the longest time. In darkness. At the very bottom of something. What only slowly resolved as a storm, a storm outside, a storm outside where ever he was, making sounds that only vaguely penetrated to understanding. In time it resolved. The horror of it all resolved. The indescribable agony, excruciating pain, utter hopelessness of where he was, bereft of... unable to... He could not even put it into...

He summoned up all that was left. And it was so little, so feeble. That without much effort the will to die, to slip, to leave, to expire and stop welled up and up and up.

And he gave in to that will to die, that upward downwelling. And he let go of whatever was holding him up. Let it down, down, down. And this was his last memory before the great reveal, the moment preceding the one he was no longer Destry, no longer there, no longer here. A flash, a passage, a passing and this was what remained...

A dream. Of dreaming. Of dreaming memories. And then waking. It was of Doctor Lee's Chemistry class. But they called him Mister Lee. Because he didn't like to be called Doctor. But everyone knew he was more than just just a Mister. Indeed a Doctor. A real Doctor of Chemistry. But nobody really knew exactly why he was there but he was. And a beaker of orange fluid was under the fume hood itself



under the tall steel chimney that could be seen from miles and miles and miles and countless kilometres around. In the pond of light in the darkened lab a tray of shiny substances, the voice of Dr. Lee, Mr. Lee sounding in the silence of thirty five teens for once rapt, absorbed and as one at two thirty in the afternoon sometime in nineteen seventy two reckoning of time.

"This is Aqua Regis, the royal water. It is a combination of hydrochloric and nitric acids and it will dissolve virtually everything, most specifically the so called noble metals we studied last time. I lied to you when I said they could not be broken down. They can. And by this substance. This property of this fluid was and is valued by medieval and modern sciences alike. It was and is exceptional and exceptionally..." the words fade and only the images of gold vanishing remain, finishing with a glimmering wafer disappearing in a cloud as the brightness and darkness, stone and soil, smell of moss and pine and the sounds of something far and near absorb what was, what is and what will be \_ into one - again.

END

We are not creatures of darkness. And when we venture there we must bring with us the light of day. For to venture into black without light is to disappear. To die. To be absorbed into something we do not understand, cannot survive and fear, rightly so. So has it been for the countless epochs that have piled one upon the other, unspoken, irreducible, absolute. Vastly before our history and vastly to follow.

The events to follow occurred far before "history". "History" being but the thinnest veneer of lies slapped upon an eternity that mocks such things in each and every baby born. Whose first newborn breath or old withering last contains more depth, more meaning than all the learned words of all the great academies of "time". Another surface bauble on the vastness each and every sentient being represents. Each and all.

All long before they moved upon the world in their clumsy flying pods, wheeled shiny beans, tiny slivers on the swell. Aeons preceding these grand discoverers' tattered flags, distorted ideas, tragic consequences, scant dim truths. Before kings, queens, decrepit empires, tiny wars of tiny scattered bullies, their chaotic cohorts, captured rose. As if nothing before had risen from the mud beneath their feet. As if nothing before.

Kaiea walked into the gathering dusk. It would be ten years before she Kaiea would see that home again though Kaiea she did not know it. Would she have taken the first step had she known? Perhaps. Certainly. For she did and it is said that "We walk only where we will". And it was nothing but sureness, certainty that guided those first steps into the unfathomably unsure and fantastically uncertain.

How do motions begin? Where do voyages start and finish, begin, end, commence, stop? Is life cease less, bound less, seam less, end less, beginning less as it is said? She did not know, stopped asking those kind of questions. Long time ago. Answers seemed to fail the old in the blank obviousness of greatness, the pace of life. No-one will ever know the beginning. We cannot understand the voyage, Beginnings are beyond us, will remain so. As long as we are who we are. Life is certainly incalculable. Those were her conclusions.

So Kaiea did not ponder anything. She just walked out into the night with water. She moved quietly into the fullness of that night.

Kaiea, all her people knew if one thing this. Though the words were all different they, she knew this. They, she, stood in an entirely another Earth though it resembles our. Is ours. They, she lived in a separate universe from ours though it be the same in appearances. How it was lost, transformed, abandoned? Another story. But they, she, humans then and none now lived somewhere else.

In that life Kaiea walked out into the night. The stars, their patterns and configurations unlike ours, bearing stories and remembrances not our own, lit her path like day until the clouds, gathering forced her to slow and then stop for sleep. It was not something she wanted to do. It was something she must do. Climbing to a height, securing the area around, she lay in her cloak. Slept.

In the night it rained and since she had chosen her spot well and since the material of her cloak was clear she awoke dry and rested to the pre dawn sounds. The moon, low in the sky, was soon to fade into day. She took the moment to pass through what had occurred, what lay immediately ahead, where she would go then, building the bridge of dreams that is any future and hers.

A strange sound in the chorus drew her attention to where she had travelled from. Climbing higher she could see little more than more of the canopy. But hear and sense doubled with each span risen. Finding a rain pond in the rock she filled both the nearly empty water sack and another she carried empty. Gathering what berries and fruits she could Kaiea moved quickly to the trail she had set careful to make no sound, break no twig, leave no pressed grass or disturbed earth. And in this she was a skilled as any of her people.



Some might say she was among the best living at moving through the world without moving anything other than herself. Yet it is the moving air that betrays us all in motion. And the most complex and yet simple skill is the move in harmony even with the winds. Something she found a great challenge today for the air was unsettled. The direction of the breeze changed constantly unveiling an unsettlement that seems to permeate everything on this seemingly perfect day to start away.

First this way, then that, roiling in small eddies around her, before her and even, once under her, almost lifting her up so it seemed. But she kept to the rule of allowing the wind to carry you away from those who follow. And not allowing the wind to carry you into anyone or anywhere you do not wish to go or encounter. It was difficult and more than once Kaiea, skilled as she was, had to pause, reconsider a path or backtrack to find more suitable directions.

Far faster would it have been to have flown. But then detection would have been virtually immediate, consequences sudden. This way, had she a chance of escape, it would only be in keeping to ground. Under the terrific green they usually swiftly overpassed between settlements and beyond. Her people knew that. She knew that even for a young girl. For she had played in this verdant wilderness with all the others of her generation. Such was the practice then, discontinued since.

Tracking her from above, below were greatly skilled friends and known ones. Those she loved as well as those she did not know. It had begun years before. She was determined not to come to an end in only the first passing of a night.

Kaiea stopped again when the Earth was high, the sun almost directly overhead from shadows cast straight down. She stopped to sit only on the bowed top of what must be a tremendous large boulder. Sit and listen, eyes closed. Breathe, nostrils flaring, holding her hands outwards in all directions, soles of her feet on the stone, feeling in every way possible who was on her trail, where they were, how long it would be before they would be here and more.

Everything told her that they would never arrive here. That the people included two brothers but not her father who was still far off, probably at one of the other communities. Speaking to her that if she sat here extremely still until day was done they would pass, return home, begin again in the light.

So Kaiea stilled her heart, slowed her breath, wrapped the cloak about her, lay down and allowed a day sleep to take her away from it all.

**END**





Did You dig? Can you Groove?

Did you dig that acid sunrise my suburban fucks?  
Red orange flattened between slates?  
For now it's over.  
Except for mute colour bands  
that disappear in the sky  
even as I look.  
Leaving behind steel blue grey street grey.  
And the all too clear memory  
of that acid sunrise.  
Did you dig it?

Can you groove  
this long gone hippy sunrise?  
That all the wind chimes, tambourines  
and Jonathon Livingstone Seagull dancing  
(arms out, eyes closed)  
chanting Om Shanti mantras  
to a paisley sky  
psychedelic beams  
of this transcendent day  
cannot ever, ever bring back?

I did not fucking think so.

1. Great Grandad's Farm
2. RIP Means Rest In Peace
3. The Lion, the Witch and the Flying Saucer
4. Dodo
5. Never

### 1. Great Grandad's Farm

Visiting Great Grandad's farm. Where he was old as the dinosaur hills. Had the oldest dog in the world. The oldest car and oldest shoes and oldest everything. Was always an adventure. Even if he didn't hear anything we said, unless it was shouted in his hairy ears. We loved Great Gramps. Great Gramps who never left the porch excepting to be put to table, in bath or bed by Uncle Harry. Excepting that one time when we found him down by the road "A walkin to town to see the sights" as he put it. We turned him round and walked him back and he joked about it for a long time til he forgot.

Great Gramp's must have know Napoleon and danced with the Queen of Sheeba. He must have come here when the Indians were here I'm sure. Great Gramps was - like Billy the fat kid from the farm next door said it - "Fucking old". That Billy swore about our great-grandfather was shocking. That everyone laughed even more so. But he was. And he wasn't.

One day me and my sister Sissy and Billy and his sister Claire were down by the pond frog hunting. Now we weren't frog killing which was what Billy always wanted to do. Just hunting. Because we had agreed not to do any killing today. Because it was going to be Sissy's birthday and that's the only present she wanted from Billy and Claire, because Claire used to cook anything Billy killed so they were a team. We must have eaten every animal alive round here until their Dad lost the farm and moved. That was good. And bad. But mostly good. For the frogs and other animals and Sis.

That day Me and Sissy, Billy and Claire were way out across the hay fields, over the stream at the edge of the big woods that went on forever. Or until the bears ran out so my Grandad used to say before he died. He used to like to scare us that way until he died. And then he can't no more which is good. Not that it's good he died because we cried all right. Just good he couldn't scare us no more. But only about the bears and the big woods. Dad said because he didn't want us to go in there and get lost and die or something.

Last summer, in the back woods there, before it got all thick and prickly and scary, we built a little fort . Out of skinny trees we bent over. Out of sticks and a old canvas the colour of tan with a stain on it that looked like you could almost see the kangaroos. That fort was good and big enough for all of us and Ginger. And when it rained the rain didn't come in for a long time.

Ginger was Grandad's last dog. Ginger never sat still so he needed a lot of room. When Ginger started - Ginger never barked - everyone knew something was there. And when Ginger started barking at the trees beyond today we all knew something was out there. It was probably only some racoon got woke up. Or a deer or fox or something like that. Ginger's barking were enough to scare whatever it was away



figuring where there was a dog there were hunters. And everybody hunted here who wasn't old like Greatgrandad or young like us kids.

Ginger barked and barked and even wanted to tear out at whatever. I held his collar tight but he was slowly working his way free and I could feel it slip. Sweat and the collar was old and Ginger wild. Ginger pulled once and was out the opening disappearing into the green his barking trailing off into a far away toy sound. Then nothing.

Well Ginger had torn off before and always come back. Whenever he was tired or hungry or feeling like a pat and his blanket in the corner. So we gave it no more thinking and got on with the fun. See this time Billy and me were pilots and Sissy and Claire the passengers. And we were in a float plane like used to go up North overhead all the time. Going to Lake Nippigon or James Bay or the Arctic Circle and Siberia dad said. We were flying them in on a mission of mercy and were all going to be heroes from saving them all. Us flying. Them healing. Heroes all.

The flight was going great - we had landed and were having fish caught from Mystery Lake and ice cream sandwiches with Coke when we could hear something rustle in the bushes somewhere outside. That rustling was kind of unusual like and it stopped the game cold.

We all looked at each other like it was Granddad's bear. That's when it came closer and we looked out at it was Ginger. Ginger only different. His fur wasn't all there and his ear hung kind of funny and red. Dripping red - BLOOD! Ginger whined and lay down right in the dirt in front of us.

Claire and Sissy knew straight what to do and for a change Billy listened. We got the wagon and the girls told us to carefully put Ginger in. They covered him with the old blanket we used for a sail or a door and we all set off fast as we could go back to the house.

Mom was out hanging laundry on the line and stopped when she saw us coming, looking hard. She needed glasses but hated wearing them so she was just checking to see if she really was seeing what she saw. Then she runned to us fast. She asked us what happened and told us to bring Ginger into the kitchen.

Now that was unusual because Momma never liked dogs or cats, snakes or rabbits, rats or bullfrogs in her kitchen. I guess nearly dead dogs didn't count. Because looking at him I thought Ginger was dead. Momma told us he wasn't quite dead and there may be hope. So hope we did as Billy and Claire walked down the path to their place.

Ginger died sometime at night and we buried him the next morning in the special place we had for all the animals we loved who Billy didn't kill and Claire didn't cook. Put a cross with Ginger RIP on it. We didn't know what year he was born so we didn't think just putting 1964 on it looked right. RIP Ginger was enough. Though we didn't know what RIP meant until after Greatgrandad died two weeks later.

## 2. RIP Means Rest In Peace

After the funeral there were so many people in the house that they moved us all to the barn. We had so much fun that some Moms called it undecent. Until my Dad hushed them all saying it's just what Greatgrandad would have wanted. How he knew that I don't know but he was right. And we had a mighty good time.

School would be starting soon. The long walk down the lane to the place where the bus stopped. The longer ride down dusty roads to Central Elementary Public School Junior and Senior. Everybody called it Central. Just Central. The playgrounds and baseball diamond. The ride back home mostimes in the dark when winter came on. All that was coming and we were doing everything we could to forget about it. Even if it was fun too.

When all the citement was over and everyone had gone home Billy and me and Claire - cause Sissy was at the Doctor with Mom and maybe mumps were back at the fort. And Billy was talking about how he killed a Groundhog the other day only Claire's mom said she couldn't try cooking them anymore since they got sick to their stomachs more than once. Billy wanted to find another ground hog it was so fun killing them. But I knew they were safe. Mostly cause there were no ground hogs round here.

Billy was going to get a 22 this year for his eighth birthday. And he'd sell me his BB gun for two dollars if I promised to let him use it for birds sometimes. 22's were no good for birds cause they blew the birds up too much said Billy. Especially the pretty small ones Billy liked most to shoot. He'd string em out like a necklace for Claire until they Mom told em not to do that cause Claire will get fleas. Claire didn't care about much - but fleas she didn't want. And then I'd lose or break that BB gun so he couldn't shoot birds. Small ones any ways.

Billy would string them and leave them hanging from branches or out in the barn to dry out. Becoming mummy birds he said. Then he'd try to sell them only no kids wanted a dry dead bird mummy. But he'd try any ways every time school started until they moved that year. Never did know if he got that 22 cause I heard they moved to Ottawa. And I heard they don't have 22's in Ottawa unless you're a police or something.

Billy was going on about ground hogs with Claire talking about how she could really broil one good if her Mom would let her use the 'lectric range. When we look out the window which was just a space in the sticks and canvas and saw the strangest thing we'd ever seen. Too bad Sissy wasn't there, for sure as shoot she'd have known what it was. She knowed all the Mammals and even the Amphibians and Reptiles - for this one looked like some cross between the three.

We just saw it for a minute when it disappeared back into the green. Billy right away went for his BB gun. Claire started thinking I'm sure about maybe she could feed it to the help cause sure as shoot they weren't eating no Salamader-lizard thing no matter how big. Well right off Billy and me and Claire started planning the hunt - though I made Billy promise not to shoot it yet. Maybe I said to him we can trap it and sell it to a zoo for a million dollars cause it was maybe extinct.



When Sissy came back I told her all about it and even she wanted to go find it. And she said she would bring her new Kodak camera that she got for her last birthday and didn't let out of the house yet. So we all knew this was something big.

## VISITATION

### 3. The Lion, the Witch and the Flying Saucer

Mom bought us a new book. Just because she said. Because she loved us. Because, well, because. It was called the Lion The Witch and The Wardrobe. It was great and she read it every night before bed. One bit at a time. Now I wanted her to rush on, to not stop, so what. But Mom said it's a school day. And even if it wasn't you kids need sleep like flowers need water.

I dreamed plenty about lions, witches and wardrobes. And Sissy said she did too. So it must be a pretty good book for everyone to be dreaming about it and everything.

Coming home about half way through the book I was thinking about all that. All the magic and things. And wondering if it could be real. Figuring if it was I'd know about it somehow. That Dad or Greatgranddad would have told me. And since granddad had died in the war but I'm sure he'd have told us all.

Sissy had run ahead and I was all alone on the way to the house. The light in the sky was first a star. Then Mars. Then a airplane. Then bigger. The so bright I had to put my hands up. And just like that - gone. Only the air smelled funny and I noticed everything had gotten real quiet. Now it was always quiet in winter. But not this way. Not this quiet.

I ran the rest of the way and sure enough - Sissy had seen it too. So we both ran to Mom to see what it was. She said a meteor. A rock from space. Burning up on the way in. Cool!

## VISITATION

### 4. Dodo

Every day fall, winter, spring and summer the boys would rush home after school or play to watch cartoon party on the TV. The television set. A shiny wooden box on pointy legs and little disks of metal on the beige carpet. Even after nagymama moved the TV to somewhere else you could see the landing marks there in the middle of the room.

And besides the three stoddages and bugs bunny there was the highlight of the show: Dodo The Kid from Outer Space! For me any ways. No-one else seems to remember the show. Even though we did have a Dodo The Kid From Outer Space combination car and bottle opener. Though my cousin Jack insists it was a Freshee combination car and bottle opener. Either way it was pretty neat and the fact that no-one remembers which is even better.

Dodo came from outer space to live on this planet Earth. He rode around in a spaceship naturally. An open flying saucer spaceship with legs just like the TV. Only



three of them not the Earthling four. Three legs seemed to indicate it's superior engineering and out of this world materials.

How Dodo got here and why he didn't miss his family were never really discussed. Nor were all of the other issues a sentient life form from another planet would experience here. Atmosphere, sustenance, psychological issues... the whole gamut of potential problems, solutions, resolutions and kludge work-arounds (of which there must have been plenty). Nope. It was all zipping around fun and adventure. Just the way it should be.

Dodo lived on in me in strange ways and all the time. Somewhere back there in my imagination. Hovering. Occasionally zipping to the fore to offer an insight or appearance. I can't say I ever dreamed of Dodo. No. It was more like a friendly little apparition in my imagination. And a good and great imagination it was.

Full with the brothers of my house and the boys in my neighbourhood. Jammed with all sorts of interesting imaginings and happenings, good, sweet, kind, not, bad, troubling, hurtful, angry, happy, sad, sincere, lying, smiling, bawling... the whole kid gamut. That is pasteurized by the adult world into a one beam of super bright colours and endless optimism. Like some big damn Shriners nightmare if it really took hold of everything. Like in heaven there's only children and in hell only adults' imaginings of, about and towards childhood.

We had to splain to all the kids only once that Nagymama meant grandma. After that they were okay. However no matter how many times you splained that to most of the teachers and a lot of the grown-ups they never seemed to want to get it. Like it was impossible that someone was not called Grandma, Gran or Granny or some such thing. As if their brains had slots like those baby toys and that shape wasn't getting in no matter how hard you hammered. So ya stopped hammering.

Life is a lot like that sometimes - all the time for me - but never for many people. If something doesn't fit it is dropped into the memory basement klunk. Where it is swept quietly and quickly into the catacombs and bottomless pits of the forgotten. Since we don't remember hardly anything that means pretty much everything is either there or yet to be experienced. Which is a little either humbling (if you are humble) or frightening (if you are not).

One fine summer day the boys were outside, naturally. Up on the hill where the winds always blew and the sky seemed so close, the clouds so far and real. It was just after lunch and they could stay there until it was time for Cartoon Party. Then they would race down on their bikes, which lay where they were dropped one beside each boy. Probably forming a pattern if anyone was up there today to see it.

Luckily there was but it didn't. Except for eight very easy subjects laying right there on the soupy ectoplasmic slime these creatures on their tiny world of little things had called "grass". Down from the sky swooped A Very Large And Shiny Object the size of a bus the size of a house the size of the school. It made no noise which was noise enough for the boys to as one grab for their bikes, get on and start riding like heck towards home. Until that is a beam of light stopped them all in their tracks.

It was funny that beam. Like they were all frozen. Like exhibits down at the Museum of Natural Science. The Eskimos - and they had a dog! The Plains Indians - and they had horses! The boys - and they had bikes! Frozen there for all time seemingly



though it must only have been seconds. Seconds before, one by one they were gently lifted into the air, rising to a suddenly revealed opening in A Very Large And Shiny Object.

Now mercifully or not no-one, not even me, had a recollection of what transpired inside A Very Large And Shiny Object. And if or if not were were vivsected, implanted or simply made part of some transgalactic Cartoon Party of their own. Look at these funny little beings! And they can sing and dance and make funny sounds galactic children! No. No memory at all. None. Not a sliver or a grain.

The next thing we all knew we were riding our bikes down the hill like the devil himself were behind us in his hot rod from hell. And at the bottom of the hill we kept on going everyone home with nothing to say but looks of true, deep shock. Horror. Disbelief.

Cartoon Party wasn't quite the same that summer afternoon. And no-one wanted to watch Dodo - me too - so we turned off the TV and went outside to the backyard. Where we lay in the grass looking up at the sky until Nagymama called us in to dinner.

After dinner we played and everyone watched Petticoat Junction until it was time for bed. And in bed my brother went right to sleep and I could hear the other two sleeping already in the next room. But I couldn't sleep. Not for a long time. Going over and over what we had seen and what had happened.

The next morning I woke bursting with the idea that we had to talk about it. But right away brother Jim said "Shuddup" and then brother Jack punched me on the arm and said "Shuddup two". Little Jimmy just cried when I tried to talk with him so I stopped and he stopped so it was better.

Better that I didn't say anything. And Jimmy and Jack said and did the same thing when another boy started talking about it. So we didn't there either. And after a day and five days and Little Jimmy's birthday everyone forgot about it. Even me. Okay not me. But I didn't say anything. And then it was like it never happened.

No-one liked Dodo The Kid From Outer Space no more. And they cancelled it and never played that show again on TV, not even once. And that was a sign that it was right and that we really were okay again. Even if we weren't.

#### VISITATION

5. Never

Never spoke about it again. Not even to anyone. Ever. To this day.

END

**BOBVISION**

Under a star burst black sky  
 I explode into an infinite variety of colours  
 happy just to illuminate your night  
 whizzing, banging, EXPLODING  
 spinning, flying, EXPLODING  
 these are the days of your life  
 Sings a voice  
 sings a voice  
 this is the night of your death BOBVISION  
 beat the drums  
 beat the drums  
 god, angels massed, UFO's  
 sparking, warping, disappearing  
 Over a sun blind blue bonger breach  
 I implode into the endless diversity of life  
 screeching, whooping, IMPLODING  
 roaring, twittering, IMPLODING  
 these are the moods of our death  
 no-one whispers  
 no-one whispers

Raspberries, watermelons, sunflowers.  
 What do they have in common?  
 Oil, fire, deep shadows, oranges.  
 What are the similarities?  
 Cars, hurricanes, bottumless lake.  
 What time is it, my love?  
 Of all the things I know  
 among all the stretching outer spaces  
 if I could be there in a moment  
 appear in a flash  
 I would.  
 And I would have all of the answers for you.  
 And I would know everything for you.  
 In common they are sweet and remind me to you  
 along with mangoes, papayas, kumquats.  
 The similarities are obvious  
 for they all roil inside of me now.  
 It is time to stretch into the universe  
 of outer space  
 to appear in a flash  
 I can  
 I have all the answers for you my love.  
 Know everything for you my love.  
 With all the answers.  
 Knowing everything.  
 Bluebells, popguns, penguins, willow trees.





endless stream  
there is an endless stream in me  
a stream that flows into all others streams  
an endless stream  
a multi-coloured stream  
a multitudinous stream  
that takes me far away from it all  
there is an endless creek in my mind  
dark and deep  
leading to:  
everywhere and everyone  
tomorrow  
the past  
others  
and I laugh when you imagine you can contain me  
or that I am owned or own anything  
except in the most limited, contractual sense  
there is an endless ocean in my mind  
that ocean is here and there and everywhere  
here and there and everything  
it links to it all  
and shameless I can go anywhere  
sitting here  
in the shade  
on a sunny day  
somewhere in the limited understanding year  
of two thousand and digit  
an endless thing  
endless

wonder  
I wonder where the space beings hide  
where they hide their space ships  
how we cannot see their pan-galactic civilizations  
zipping across the night skies  
lighting up the darkness  
exploding everything  
with laser this  
plasma that  
proton whatever  
I am still wondering  
where the space beings hide



universes  
there are innumerable universes  
down by the celestial cloverleaf  
there are innumerable universes  
merging converging colliding  
across the cosmos  
these innumerable universes  
are defined and classified  
according to characteristics  
as clear and discernible  
as the placement and shape of leaves and branches  
on terrestrial trees  
as comprehensible as that  
save for the chirping of cricket minds  
in great pretense of profundity  
huge comedy of depth  
mockable assumption  
that we can understand EVERYTHING  
there are innumerable universes  
only one of which we can vaguely engage  
remotely grasp  
of all the innumerable universes  
in all the unfathomable breaches  
there are innumerable universes  
and we stand dumb bunnies  
munching on mind clover  
wondering aloud  
with our little mind voices  
reflecting realities so small  
that they appear infinite to us  
there are innumerable universes  
innumerable

silence of the eternal  
unending and the enduring  
silence of cosmological scale  
obliterate the ephemeral  
wipe the passing  
temporary  
fadistic  
into a similar oblivion.  
oblivious  
obliterated  
oblivion

all the senseless fuckers  
talking all their senseless fucking talk  
about all their lives lived fucking senselessly  
birds at dawn making vastly more sense  
wind speaking infinite volume  
surf on the beach telling the secrets of the universe  
these senseless fucker humans  
saying fucking nothing  
can say fucking nothing  
might just as well say fucking nothing



## UFOLOGY

## greys, greens, time machines

When held in what is commonly referred to as a tractor beam it is best simply to withhold all resistance, to draw blank and then find yourself gently returning to gravity. For it is your resistance that causes the traction and your dropping of resistance that resumes attraction. This is what is referred to as the paradox of control and applies to most other circumstances where your will is applied against yourself by others.

I read those words over and over and over and over.

-----

Looking at that closed book of mine I first particularly love the cover. A picture of a UFO hovering menacingly above. Flying saucer is how I'd describe it. I guess that's the flying time machine. I guess the flying part is standard equipment while the traveling through time might be an available option. Though to travel such improbably long distances in probability requires travel also through time. Unless all them aliens are from pretty darned close. Like the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, etc., asteroids, comets, moons of planets, planetoids and the ilk. Unlikely.

On that great cover there also someone or something that appears to be a Grey that seems to be either directing or directed by the saucer. And a smiling Green the target of the menacing spaceship and Grey. All in a commercial artist's dramatic tension depiction of the above. Under a dramatic UFOLOGY block letter banner in a robin's egg blue blue sky. And subtitle words GREYS, GREENS AND TIME MACHINES below. The author's name also dramatically highlighted as if it meant something, someone BIG. MISTER BIG!

Greys, Greens and Time Machines. Not a HG Wells time machine. A spaceship from the world of Ray GREATNESS Bradbury. A flying time machine done by the kind of artist a shitty, amazing, self published, non-fiction rant/cozmic treatise writer might find, hire, con or DIY. One who dreams up a title like "UFOLOGY: greys and greens and flying time machines". Words in which I am endeavoring to devouring right now on this damned streetcar named High Park.

I pause to hold the book a little up. Man it is huge! Like five hundred and - hmmm - well the numbers say sixty four pages. But there are all sorts of pages in there with no numbers. Which is in and of itself utterly fantastic. It means there's no way to reference those pages. Which is just anti-indexing anarchy fantastic. Almost better than the back cover. Just a picture of the author. One eyebrow slightly arched. As if that's the way it always is. Now I don't think in exclamation marks - or rather \*only\* think in exclamation marks (who doesn't?). But I don't generally use exclamation marks when I blog, text or write in any other way. Or I would have used one right there!

I go to the spot where I left off and try - again - to read successive time traveling themed chapter paragraphs and pages. The read has been fun and easy and full of surprises up to this point. But for some reason I have to try over and over and still it doesn't make much sense.

Indeed it makes less and less sense the more I read it. The next paragraph and the next paragraph and the next paragraph seem to have a prerequisite of understanding what was written in the paragraph before. Which I now don't recall in the blur of it all. To the point where I'm believing it's not me but that it's now badly conceived and worsely written bullshit.

I close the book on the bookmark the guy at the bookstore (what a quaint concept!) stuck in the book. To look out the window at the oh so familiar-ly drab scene go by. The witches peak house tops, dilapidated and dirty Itali and Portu renos all rusty white metalwork and cracked concrete. Yuppy renos all gum wood, primary colours and stainless steel also starting to look their age. Abandoned or untouched remaining few originals rotting down. Their horder, lone, aged or lost occupants threading through whatever internal paths remain among the shit they horde or the junk that was once new furniture strewn in dumps of various degrees of grime and dirt, cleanliness and stuffiness. Windows always shut no matter what. The images in the



time beaten west as one streetcar drifts further from the hot urban core to the former industrial fringes.

These strange, ugly, captivating College Street west sights unfold outside the window of what could have been one of Einstein's thought experiment streetcars of Vienna. Only slung sexy low to the ground, wheelchair, walker, hell! motorcycle friendly. With a oh so green bike rack on front to impale or otherwise permanently disable any oh so greener pedestrian unfortunate enough to Iphone stray from the sidewalk. The world around us would wildly distort as we accelerate ascent of man towards the mythical speed of light. Wherein attaining what would happen? Would we be able to see anything? Everything? Nothing? Who knows.

Not having attained the SOL the sights roll by and by. I re-open the book.

See there are greys. But also greens. And flying time machines. Which really throw a loop into things. Which really throw a string theory into things perhaps is what I should have said if I want to be quanta correct. But I don't really buy all the quanta bullshit. So loop it is. As if they quanta mensa smart alecs missed something super critical. Somewhere critical along the line. Whereby not being breast fed whomever nerds who invented quanta nonsense also suprisingly had children. And chose to \*ERROR\* bottle feed similarly deprive their next generation of ultimately deprived. \*ERROR\* piled upon \*ERROR\*. Strings = loops = \*ERROR\*.

The premise has, at it's core a logical so circular as to be nearly perfect. Perfectly capable of tractoring me out of normalcy or what passes for to read this amazing piece of shit book. It's just that I freaking love it.

Now turning to between page one hundred eighteen and one hundred nineteen is another page. Which has an apparently unrelated illustration of a tractor beam and how it works. From the paragraph a few dozen pages later. A freaking great picture of a woman naturally in a hot nighty with a horror stare being exorcist drawn to a light emanating from, yes, a classic flying saucer slash time machine. And we are led to understand it is her horror stare, not her oh so sexy negligee that is drawing her and my dick upwards. Strange, erotic, so real it is unreal real. And. Yet. Apparently.

One out of eight people surveyed either have been victims of alien abduction, know someone who claims to have been abducted or wishes they could be abducted.

Or so the quote on the inside back cover says. Then I'd pretty much say it was one out of one at one point or another in life and she was waiting for me in that spaceship. Ya gotta love it!

Exclamation marks, spelling errors, all.

My favorite spelling error to point is "Martien" instead of, I guess, "Martian". When I read that misspell I thought it was introducing a female from Paris, France into the narrative. And I got a little hard again, with that of so sexy picture on page ??? floating in my livid brain. And what brain isn't livid? But it was not to be. Re-reading, Martian could be the only word. Though Matien would have been - was - totally exclamation point excellent. Entirely new book.

The text continued. Unfolding. Spilling. Beyond MK Ultra conspiracizing. Sheer fantastic.

I almost miss my stop. Gueneviere's there, waiting. Neither pissed nor happy to see me. Because she doesn't see me, though I'm walking right up to her. It's like she's blind. Gueneviere is blind - now that would be oh so sexy hot. Blind sex. I am almost in her face when, blink the lights come on in her. She laughs and I know she's had another moment. Probably book alien abducted only doesn't know it.

Gueneviere - and yes that's how it's spelt, she showed me on her drivers license on our first date - picks up my book and laughs at it. The cover. The weird guy on the back. The stats. The illustrations shoved in apparently at random and pagenumbers. Picking out random absurd quotes to make fun at. And that only makes me love it more and her gasp less. Truthfully she



thinks the same about my books and more importantly me. For there is an undertone of sharp incredulity to all the funning. Like she's really making fun of me and doesn't get that I get it.

Well I cast that aside in her lips. Hips. And smile. And voice. Oh so blond hair. Straight nose and imperious Mary Antoinette neck. And everything delightful below it. It's the fatal flaw of men to cast all rational and real objections, thought and reality aspersions aside for pussy. And I guess I'm not really ready for Buddha. So so be it. So damn be it. So damned am I.

I laugh with her while still trying to get her to see it's a joke.

"I undertand" Gueneviere reads "that flying time travel is not understood in our times. But possible it is and certain we will one day in fly space and in travel time." We laugh. "Who the hell is he channeling - Yoda?" We laugh more.

"I think it's Jim Hensen."

"No, Jim Hensen's dead."

"Who better to channel then?"

"Can you channel living people?"

"Of course. It's called CNN."

The fun continues. She lives not too far from this amazing Vietnamese place and we walk along College and then the nameless, numbered side streets. Yes they have names and no you can't hardly see the numbers but still it just might a be the other way around. A maze of browns and renos and gaps and condo construction holes. Cranes and dirt and one old building where Gueneviere lives on the third floor. A guy with two dogs on the second floor, a single mom with two kids on the main and two rotating students, usually Korean, in the basement holes. Gueneviere has a balcony where we sunbath and on super hot nights sleep nude. And no-one can see in except traffic and cop helicopters and they don't fly often at night. The fun includes me unclothing her as we top the stairs, she unclothing me. Flinging my book onto the floor with a great slam that starts a dog barking and a baby crying below. And who says bad books make no impressions on the world? Not me.

Gueneviere is taller than I am. So I can fuck her from behind, standing up and we don't have to do odd angles. She just leans forward and I fuck her wetness wetter. It's what I love about her. That and walking with her arms around my neck without having to fucking carry her. And I feel zero inferiority because she is usually the sexiest if not the most beautiful woman in the room, field, crowd, subway, universe.

Gueneviere has a mole where Marilyn should have. She has a pert knob for a clitoris that is impossible not to find, harden and come on or make come. She does not scream or call names or break things. Gueneviere might be the perfect lover though you would never want to try and compare for fear of losing her perfection. Only she is unfaithful. Or my idea of faith is somehow flawed in involving the concept of a man and a woman fucking only each other. African drunks or Arab abusers are her weaknesses. So I minimize the impending fallout doom by fucking others too. One other. Suzie. Who calls me as I am fucking Gueneviere standing up. I can hear the Loony Toons Suzie ringtone in my jacket pocket. Muffled. Loony Toons. Suzie going to voicemail.

Gueneviere doesn't hear it at all apparently. She is coming. I have come and stay hard for her coming. She comes and a delightful drip, drip, drip drips onto her thighs. Which kneel to lick up, stand while turning her and share with her mouth. Gueneviere's perfect, sad mouth, my come, her honey liquid, our mouths.

Gueneviere likes me to go after we fuck so I go. Not even shower she says. Or she won't fuck me again she said the first time. Suzie is laughing and joking on voicemail and I text her whasup! She calls me and asks me how my afternoon has been. I smile and say swimmingly.



Suzie phone smiles and says Me too. I hope so. I really hope so but at another level hypocrite do not. I haven't told her about Gueneviere. Figuring it will be over soon enough so it doesn't matter. Suzie does not have to know about Gueneviere. And Gueneviere certainly will never know about Suzie.

I go home and will meet Suzie later. So, shit, showe, shave, sleep until then. Oh joy that I do not have to work today. That I do not have to work, or shit, or shower or shave in this fictional world of greys greens and flying machines. UFOLOGY. A great 20th Century word. As if anything can be unidentified, flying, object or not. By merely identifying it as unidentified provides definition. So unobtrusively amazingly contradictory. Ya just gotsta love it.

I get as far as the part where the guy is describing how they are among us when I fell asleep. I wake to find the book lodged between the bed and my neck at first wondering what's this growing from my head. And remembering the dream I had about bunny rabbits, the pied pumpkin, a punk chick and an ocean beach. No a lake beach all lame waves, acid water and bloodsuckers. A white sand, surf and blue sea beach. The punk chick was naked and I don't know about the rest because if I don't get my ass out that door I'll be late for more pussy. Not acceptable.

I forget the book though and sitting on the streetcar, going the other way miss it but am not about to pass on pussy to go back and get it. I'm not quite that gone yet. Suzie not Gueneviere would understand and be there waiting. But maybe not. There are two guys arguing way at the back about who's in the way. Abbot and Costello could have made it funny to a bunch of Depression era retards but not this idiot duo. The streetcar driver stops the streetcar putting on the noisy four ways. He plays the warning announcement and the female voice of the transit commission urges quiet or the authorities will be called and the streetcar put out of service. Everyone back there starts talking. The fucking idiots stop their arguing. A few minutes later the fourways stop and we go on, potential conflict smothered by auto voice.

Suzie sees me almost when I see her, as I get off the streetcar. We are arriving at the appointed spot at the same time. Like coming together something which we have not quite managed. Close. But no cigar shaped object. Yet. This time flying we just go to coffee at our favorite window on street and a descending darkness. Couples go by. Gangs of mini-skirted girls and guys already drunk and it's only eight o'clock. Drunk on cheap beer or bad vodka so they don't have to waste cab money or pussy lubricant drink dollars on them sorry selves. Going to Shadows, Epoch, Fallow, 359, Fern, you name the number of names, they're going there.

We, me and Suzie, used to go there too. And then we both agreed to stop and just have fun. Because it wasn't really much fun not drunk or stoned or horny. I wasn't and she wasn't. We weren't anymore. And the dope and drinks seemed to dull the night. And talking to drunk, stoned and hornies all night didn't get us any closer to coming together so we stopped. We talked about it all the time. Coming together. How it would be a sign that we would have to get married. Commit. Forever. To one another. And it was kind of fun for one or the other coming before one or the other. Like a chase, an ultimate, ultimately intimate really sexy sex joke.

She speculated, I knew, that the truth was just that. When we would start coming together there was no coming apart. So we funly avoided it. She has nice, full breasts. Very different from slim Gueneviere's breasts. Just about everything is different between them. Suzie's clitoris is a mystery. It's always there but I can never find it. And cunt slippery like an oysterland, sweet scented and tasting as imaginaryland honey flower soma. Ass broad, round, hiding the sweetest pink asshole in the galaxy. One that shit likely does not touch even in shitting down.

Suzie likes my book but does not want to read it or make fun of it. Suzie only reads fiction. Gueneviere does not read. Like me before I met her. And found a book in her house that one of the Africans gave her and she discarded into recycling "To Gueneviere, Love Njamna". Poor Njamna. Wasting his ill gotten kleptocracy dollars on heartless idiot Gueneviere's perfectly Arthurian body but perfectly XYZgen soul of vacancy. Poor them all and poor me too.



Gueneviere. Suzie. Suzie laughs and I blink in again. We are on her bed, in her bed, under the nonallergenic duvets she piles higher and higher as winter waxes until summer and one erotic sheet remains. Covering her cunt wet through it for me. Or if not for me for me enuf and I lick through it. For it is summer. And we have come together for the first time. Right now. This instant. And Gueneviere will have to go though I will not call her, have nothing at her house, know she will never question why or call me or care. Because it's what her eyes said when her mouth said it that first time. That last time. And any time in between. Bye bye Gueneviere.

The time travel bit throws the logic wrench of logic wrenches into the up to that point really great UFOLOGY: greys, greens. Words turn to how and become inexplicable. Not fun or funny or interesting anymore. I try leafing, jumping, rushing pages, chapter ahead. Murkier and murkier. There are no more inexplicably placed illustrations. No more "ironies" or "premeses." I leave the book with it's author's inscription "Enjoy this book - Charles" on the seat in the subway some days later. The only real way to give it it's rightful passage. Hoping someone finds it. Maybe sad Njyamna. Maybe sader Gueneviere. Maybe Charles. And will he be pissed at how his mess of an ending book was discarded to subway ass.

My thought is that arch Charles understood everything EXCEPT flying time travel. And since it directly involved three sevenths of the book's title and more than half the words that poses a major problem. Like Einstien not really figuring out relativity. I mean what would have been the point of publishing? Same idea. If he had only figured out the flying time travel part. How great a read it could have 564 plus mis paged pages been. Then again the difference between Albert's General Theory and Chuck pressing confused control P to his HP laserwriter is the difference between infinite worlds. Infinite worlds apart that greys and greens must surely appreciate in their thematically problematic flying time machines.

#### 1. UFOLOGY (An Everyperson's Introduction)

What is it about this flying time travel thing that doesn't fit? Like geese going butt first across the sky pintails guidint them North or South depending upon the season. Dolphins reverse cresting from the tail followed by glass smooth torsos and trailing bottlenoses. Rain falling up and lightening striking the same way. Boys and girls diminishing into babies then infants and retroacting into embryos. Everyone walking, digital ticker tapes, cars driving, airplanes aerisol sucking, clock running - all backwards.

Some things in life run one way. And only one way. Time is one of those things. Space is one of those things. Time/space is one of those things. And if you are running back and forth, to and fro in that one way thing, meddling with events at every trip, every time machine stop it will get so messed up it stops working. And the idea that there are as many alternative universes as there are possibilities and probabilities also does not compute. Does not make sense, common, uncommon and everyting in between.

Arch Charles hit that wall in his fat paper brick tome. And that's where it became muddled. Becomes muddy everywhere. From the airwave halls of Montezuma conspiracists to the quanta shores of physics Tripoli. Causes smoke\_virtual real and otherways\_ to emit from ears originating in brains fried by analogical structured, argumentative, theoretic inconsistencies. Emphasis on analog. Anything can be digitized to make some kind of jagged sense. Analog is the true test. Reality. Pooh pooh all that you like but if it doesn't look or sound or feel natural it isn't. Argue as much as you like now. Doesn't change analogic.

Okay so time/space/whatever is a one way stream/street. And anything else is wrong. So UFO's might be able to go anywhere in the universe in a flash or two of bright, coloured lights and great CGFX. But they can't jump in and out of time messing with completely everything as they do not do so. Cannot. Can not. Can as in not.

Now no-one in this great age of unbridlement likes to hear those kind of words. "What do you mean 'Cannot'? Who the @%#! are you to tell me I can't do \_\_\_\_\_ (something, anything, everything: pick one)?" Well you limitless, principle-less, cartwheeling, foot stomping, temper I wanna wanna wanna tantruming completely out of control possibilizing string theory plain and



pure and simple insanity idiot, you can't. Without resorting to creosote conversation. Finding yourself in the discombobogooogulated Grey pile.

When I am talking with someone and it starts to go Grey South it takes time to figure that south going out Grey. A twiggling to the inconsistencies in the conversation or ideation. Gradual dawning. Slow, sure understanding. That at some level no-one is home. That there are demons or botprograms or more likely advertizing and marketing executive vice president Grey subprogram routines (I almost wrote poutines!) talking the line there inside that water tube that only looks like me or you.

Which brings us to...

## 2. GREYS

The whole grey business is so fascinating on all fronts and sides and angles that one thousand and twenty one libraries of fiction could be filled with Grey stories, factoids and speculations. Greys are just one kind of aliens. Shape shifters? Maybe. Maybe not. Mind twisters? Most certainly. Voted UFO Alien Types Most Likely To Make Us Believe We Can @%#! With Time By Tripping In And Out Of It. Greys. Bland. Emotionless. Fundamentally bad mofo's 'cepten they don't got mommas, live for mostly ever and therefore can't be killed bad bad.

I wonder if they have elections for chief evil mofo grey? But since they got no such thing as identities because they are all be the same I guess that would be pretty moot point. Okay who votes for me? Me (one gazzillion Grey voices speaking). Okay, I'm King Grey. Whatsthe diff? None. So they Greys are one kind, one mind, one love. Only no Bob Marley. No Love John and/or Beatie busting original Sensai babe Yoko, Ono or otherwise. Like a flying wing cohort of bad accountant machine language level programmer borks but not mechanical. Somehow logic gated non-organic organoids. Bad Shaft mofos minus the big dick piece, capital letter ATTITUDE, hot afro pussy and \*whatyousay\*! No need to. No requirement for all that BIATCH SHAYAT.

Greys are basically everything wrong with the Earth, solar system, galaxy, universe and beyond. The head of a nefarious bunch of real baddies behind everything bad that's happening bad. Whether you know it or like it or understand it or not. Jive talking Grey motha@%#!s and they badass posse alien other motha@%#!

Only bluster and badass, bullets, blades, roundhouse kicks and the entire negrosplaitoid iconography turned against them can't save we from the Greys. Spike black filmmaker Lee dude, George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, Ronnie Howard AND Night Shayman who I can't remember any of his movies (who can) can ALL get together to make THE movie to stop the Greys. And even THEY couldn't stop the Greys. Not even if Arnold, Dolf, Stalone, Sean (Penn), Regis Cathy Lee, Meryl Streep, Johnny Depp, Tom Cruise and Jones, Oprah and the whole concerned, socially and environmentally conscious gambolling cartoon party A-cast of characters starred in it. Written, narrated, produced and executive produced by the inimitable George Noory the Greys would still win. Fingerprint and feature less "hands" down.

What does it mean that the Greys win? That they have won? Well it means that when there are countless creatures who are like jillions of years more advanced in terms of civilization and technology than we are and they are all the same and all Grey and vary bad that we are @%#!led. Royally @%#!led. @%#!led royally. They bad Greys run every racket, Greystand behind every syndicate, are the Greykinpins of every mob gang and keystonegreys of all the madcap zany fake cop troops of all the times. Cool, collected cucumber suits chilled and at crib behind all the wise guys there ever was. Lawyers of the lawyers of the lawyers god help us every single imperfect human one of us all. Except those who are collaborating and then who hopefully @%#! will @%#! them up in the end days along with them bad baddy Greys even though God does not such thing. And it is up to all of us to @%#! ourselves. It's the way God works, okay? Okay.

Those who are collaborating with the godless greys are the New World Order Bilderburgerites and their knowing and unknowing minions, patsies, shills, zombies and so on. Collaborating





on all sorts of levels and everywhere. Preparing for the end of humans who can't be ended involuntarily for some reason or other. Attributed to God, the Godhead, the rules of the God-head. Which even evil prick Greys have to follow. So we victims have to agree, consent, say okay, sign on the dotted line, give verbal consent, nod, nudge-nudge, wink-wink, whatever. Individually. Collectively. Everything in between.

Greys, however, control the whole show bad shebang. All of it. Calculating dicks manipulating us into agreeing to become the banquet genetic, psychic, energetic, vegetable, animal and mineral. Like we have to give them the keys to the Earth, each and every one of us. And if even one, just one little Lulu or Lola or Cindy Loo says nope they are hosed. So we are being herded to our own utter demise. Sign here, form an orderly line. Into UFO cattlecar equivalents to whatever cybercyborgtransdimensionalAushwitz that awaits us pitiful little wriggling humanoid critter entities.

Greys. Earth's really, Really, REALLY bad planet news. Greys who came here countless millennia ago and who - check that \*which\* are manipulating us into armagedoblivionendofdays. Rapture being not the Debbie Harry album but The End (or Fin for the French version). Pulling strings and string theories to trick us into signing away everything and then ourselves and so the Greys can control everything like they control everything anywhere they have ever poof appeared. Everywhere. Every other lifeform enslaved and agreeable and absorbed and gone. Human beings next. Form orderly lines please. Panic forbidden even when catching whiffs of the stinking, gapping maw of obliteration hell at the end of these lines. REMAIN CALM. RESISTANCE IS FUTILE.

Before the book I left on the subway spun into out of control territory this paragraph was somehow amazingly written:

When held in what is commonly referred to as a tractor beam it is best simply to withhold all resistance. You draw blank and then find yourself gently returning to gravity Earth. For it is your resistance that causes the traction and your dropping of resistance that resumes attraction. This is what is referred to as the paradox of control and to most other circumstances applies where your will is applied against yourself by others. And the Greys are no different.

I read those words over and over again. And over. And non-characteristically to our verboten times Fahrenheit 325 memorized them. And can re-write them here or there or Mr. Brown anywhere without having the now lost book in front of me. Remain calm and then be able to fall out of not in to the ultimate Grey Rockette kicking line of ultimate haulocaust doom.

God gives us that. Greys cannot take it without us giving it to them. God is one tough nut. And all we have to do to get him/her God on our side is to say OK buster. Yes big buddybabe. Sign me up Superior being of it all. That simple. Then the Greys disappear. If not bye bye God. That was the message. Before simultaneously the whitenoise rised and the darkmadchaos descended. Hello God - bye-bye Greys. Just don't get into jumping back and forth and messing with God/time/space or you become voluntary victim of (you guessed it) the faceless army of Greys. Which is what ultimately brought down what was a most remarkable book to that point. One major circumstance where a non-Grey Perkinslike editor would have come in Tom Wolf major Can't Go Home Again handy dandy. Dandy. Handy.

See how it all fits into magical time space place? No. Well I Suzie do even if you Gueneviere don't. You Gueneviere don't because you are Grey or Grey dominated or Grey affiliated or just Grey crazy. Either and every way it's the same. Don't understand? Can't get it? Who's behind it? Still don't understand? Wash that Grey right outa your hair and heads! Take the God great Grey purge! Partake of the antiGrey God brainwash and presto pofo boffo bingo bango bongo you are God free and clear.

Which is exactly where the little, little known and even Larry Littler discussed GREENS come into the picture.



### 3. GREENS

God is great, see. God was before everything and after everything. In and around everyone and every object. Because everything is alive. And I do mean everything. Rocks. Grains of sand. Streams. Clouds. Frogs. The Chorus. Chorus Line. Stars and Star Treks and, yes, even Star Wars. The Moon. The impending brown dwarf sunplanet X. Elvis and Michael, Jackson and J. Foxx. Ultra babe Beyonce and Mr. more super cool than Run DMC Jay Zee. Celine Dion. Her old dude husbandfreakydaddy to her IVO wierd kids. Las Vegas. The Ranch. Bilbo, Frodo and Gollum. My dog Bark and your cat Meow. The curb. Sidewalks. Trees, bushes, flowers and dandelions. It's all alive and all god. Yes even the Greys. God.

But you see all those long giga-millenia of development the Greys done did the Greens also did done. Only the Greens did it WITH God, not not knowing and therefore against God. Poor GREys though don't pity the Greys. It's the bad way they just are. But the Greens are Great like God. The Greens are little. Cute. Fun. Funny. Sweet. Hugable. Beautiful. They have girl Greens and boy Greens. I love the Greens! I just want to find some Greens and hug them and kiss them and make them my pets. Beacuse they don't eat anything but each others love and love just everyone and anything. The ultimate, jungle-free live just about forever cosmic Bonobos who won't poop over everything and accidnetally rip your arm off trying to love you pet! Who can really trip in and out of everywhere without disturbing time and space like the badass Greys. Because they do it in harmony with God. They do it WITH God God bless the Greens! Only not the pets part. Sorry. I just love them so much.

No-one I have read or heard or seen anywhere ever discusses or mentions or maybe even has one clue about the Greens. They are also sometimes called the Blues because we humans are ulticolour blind. But they are spiritual being green so we call them Greens. Not Reds or Yellows or Organges or Lemons or Purples or any other colours. Though we are blind really we could just as easily call them all those too since we can't see in those colours either. And they all come down to good goody thank God Godly Green Greens.

They don't battle or war or fight over for about or around nothing. Never have really. Came form an original world the Greys erased that was basically, inexplicably blissful perfect. Until the Greys came along. And no-one would or should or could co-operate. They just blissed the living shite out of the Greys. Who got as close to being pissed off as Greys can come. And then simply blotted out that Green system. But not and never the Greens. Who Operation Cheshire simply smiled all together and winked away. To where the Greys could not see and can never follow. And though we don't know where that is we do know it's God.

Into the God sunny sun sunshine of their number one buddy God they winked. Where we can all wink. In an instant of calm and smiling understanding attraction. Like Michael, Palin this time, said: Levy (Greens) is the opposite of gravity (Greys). And, I paraphrase now and probably in that there quote (or misquote?), everyting good and sane and anti-gloomanddooom-Grey, is humour joking fun love flight forever God. Greens = God's tiny little friends. Greys = God's paradox. Like the resistance one to be one day dealt with but for now there to @%#^! you and me royally up.

The Greens know all this. They have a great time. It's what the characters on that TV show for babies I can't think of the name of are modelled after. The real why we love babies, tots and toddlers, cute bunny rabbits, pretty butterflies, twittering birdies, flowers, jumping foxes, singing songbirds and red orange sunrises. Because they are closest all to the Greens and God. God and the Greens. Now there are others out there. Reptilians, Vertigos, Goor, Kym, Larwhan-obliques and, closer to Earth Sirrians, Martiens, Lunar, Dolpha and more. But they all fall into one or the other camp more or less. With most being thrown willy nilly between the two, humans no exception. Though because we came from paradise we are much closer to natural Greens than any other lifeform. Ever. Lucky us. Until the Greys discovered us that is. And since then... Oy yey trouble!

We humans have been around just two million years. For mostly the last two hundred thousand years since we chose to leave our paradise the Greys have been trying to rip us from our Green friends. No certainty that they won't succeed mind you. All those camp fires, sunsets, aurora borealis and arcturis, aforementioned birdees and bees too and beauty stuff have their



impact. We, in all of the cosmologos were once upon a time way to insignificant, non-existantly beautiful for even the minions of the minions of the Greys to be able to notice us. Hell you could hardly find us in all that Green paradise. No accident Green. Green paradise, Greens. Greens knew us, were here with us right from the start and before the start. Only they didn't even mess with us. They played with us! What cool little Greens are our friends the super nice Greens are! They are just the very, very, nicest bestest best little friendly friends! What we did to attract the attention of the evil Greys might never be known. Maybe just shine a little too much. Like our Green BFFs.

I love the Greens! The Greens love me! I love God. The Greens love God. Everything is OK! I promise: no more exclamation marks but it's really good news this about the Greens. We are not all @%#^!ed. We cannot be @%#^!ed. Not at all. Not by anyone, not by the Greys or their hordes, only by ourselves. That's the secret secret. We have to hand over the God keys. Be tricked into handing over the God keys. And the super secret secret that isn't anymore is that we can have them back at any instant by simply wishing and willing, willing and wishing. Walt Disney was right. Even if the Greys who took over the moment Walter passed into God are most certainly don't when you wish on THAT star absolutely wrong.

Right and wrong coinciding in a God universe. That only becomes unclear when we Greys-like mess with unmessables.

#### 4. FLYING TIME MACHINES

See they Greys, because they don't or can't get God won't get into the God way of doing things. The Greens get God and have no need for flying time machines. They just make a joke, smile, laugh and in a geronimo blink are on the other side of creation (ie God). No need for disturbing reality with gadgets and all sorts of smoke and cough and death inducing tech-nostuff. No nano supersuits, bubble, cigar or saucer shaped space ships, crop circle landings and crowd frightening theatrics required. All that Grey stuff that so messes with our minds and every other proto-civilization's minds these evil Grey badheads have messed with over the last, well light lots of light years.

Flying time machines are possible and only required when you don't really get it. Like using a saturn rocket to cross the street when any chicken knows to get to the other side all you need is red suspenders, the farmers daughter and a parrot in the Star Wars bar band (hit play). And if you don't Green Greens got it you got to Grey Rock Machine get them. Anyhow. Somehow. Or you are just peeing in the celestial winds that always blow against you. So you dominator of the universe only end up uselessly peeing on your empire of evil Grey selves instead of everywhere is mine, all mine, evil laughter everywhere. Only Greys don't laugh. Can't laugh. Which is the whole point of flying time machines.

If you ever encounter a flying time machine or flying time machines of any kind or kinds you can consider yourself doomed if you jump into it or let yourself be jumped into any one kind or kinds of them. Don't. Because they are uniformly bad. I might even go so far as to say airplanes, buses, cars, elevators, escalators, movators, moving sidewalks, cars, motorcycles, scooters, bikes, unicycles, bicycles, tricycles, skateboards and roller blades and every other darned machine is also the same uniformly bad. Though even the Greens would give us some of these to have fun with. If only until we figure out there are even greater fun and games than trying to Grey watchmechanism break God's time/space/everything no matter how small. It's not allowed. Computers, cell and sat phones, internet, tv, sattelite, cable and rabbit ears once upon a time are all the same. Evil. Anything and everything that takes you from away the always smiling Greens face of God. Even these words which seem to serve the Greens really only subtly, ultimately buck up our Grey not good unFriends.

See the very topic messes us up. Makes us think or make believe there is another way other than direct. Words themselves, spoken, written, conceived. Detractory. Illusory. Evasional. Greys. No words, no speaking, not written or ideated or promulgated or advocated. Blinks and winks and flashes and stars and forever. Greens and God. And not ever never bounded by these boundries.



I talk about all this with Suzie. She loves the Greens as I do. She thinks they're cuter than pugs. Even if she doesn't believe they really exist and I do. So she can love me and I can love her too. Because believing is not the point. The Greens and God for that matter do not require belief. They only really require a good sense of humour. Ultimately. And Suzie has a GREAT sense of humour to match her kind face and Houdini clitoris. So, ironically, did Grey Gueneviere. Have a good sense of humour that is, not two of three of that other stuff. Only she -Gueneviere- is sad. So sad that it Greys out everything else. Sooooo verrrrrry saaaaad God and the Greens bless and smile down on her but are lost to her. Pity. Pity of pitiful pities.

See Suzie and I go to a movie. We like movies after work sometimes when we have money. Who doesn't? No-one doesn't. Thanks goodness Me and Suzie don't have to talk about work there at the movies. For work is more or less entirely in the realm of the Greys like movies only more so. Though nothing is once you're in the realm of our Greens and God. So Grey time, work, space, oppression, sorrow, sadness, movies, prisons, famine, war, all dissolve and disappear in the golden colourless light we call God and the Greens which are one and the same almost. Go away. Suzie is plenty fun and I would like to figure out a way to skip the movie, work, money. And skip right into forever. But the simplicity of it all seems tricky. And as for Gueneviere? Closing my eyes I can't seem to recall her face. Not at all. And that is not tricky. And I see Suzie smiling right away! Not unlike the simple simplicity of the Greens. That's what I'm talking about.

How our Green friends got to where they are might be called a fluke. Except for that we were on that course. And can do it too right now and here. And flukes only happen if and only if you believe the Grey propaganda. Lies we are all led to believe by all sorts of devious signs, signals and commercials. But those Grey tricks can't deny that the Greens got there and we were and might still be are headed there. I really think there's still a way for us too. And it's right here. Not too far off too. Immediate and intimate. See how the Greens smile? Sense how darned expansive and amazing God is? Well it's right here somehow. Right before us. In us. Around us. With us. How? How indeed.

#### UFOLOGY 100 An introduction to Unidentified Flying Objects

Throughout time on Earth there has been evidence and during our times of so-called recorded history reporting of objects in our skys and associated phenomenon

5. UFOLOGY 101 Advanced UFO Studies PART ONE
6. UFOLOGY 102 Advanced UFO Studies PART TWO
7. UFOLOGY 103 Seminar
8. UFOLOGY 104 A Brief History of the Greys
9. UFOLOGY 105 A Brief History of the Greens
10. UFOLOGY 106 Flying Time Machines
11. UFOLOGY 200 Advanced Concepts: Intradimesional Cosmic War ONE
12. UFOLOGY 201 Advanced Concepts: Intradimesional Cosmic War TWO
13. UFOLOGY 202 Advanced Concepts: Looking Ahead: IDCW3 (Prerequisite: U100)
14. UFOLOGY 203 Colloquium
15. UFOLOGY 204 Colloquium
16. UFOLOGY 205 Independent Reeding
17. UFOLOGY 206 Independent Reeding
18. UFOLOGY 310 In depth Studies (6 credits - full semester directed studies)
19. UFOLOGY 410 THESIS

END



When he walked into this sunset, into this sun, everything became luminescent, everything became light, everything became everything. And when he walked out of it again it was all gone, it was all night, it was very far from anything resembling home and what few people there were around him on the street were looking at him very strangely.

In a window of a store across the street he could see someone dressed in brown. Black really. Someone brown dressed in black filth, the soles of his shoes gone, standing on black bare, bleeding and broken feet. Looking back at him. As him.

There were many days he could not remember in the years that had passed. Many months that passed without a memory too. Seasons flipped old clock radio by. Seasons not so much forgotten as misplaced. Not so much misplaced as forgotten.

And he also forgot his name somewhere along the way. And his date of birth or daet fo brith as he thought of it. Forgot it completely even as the cop kicked his face in that alley somewhere in a city where there was no water and only heat. In that city where he slept lost in the grass for a hundred or a thousand or one million days. All the same. All one.

Days, months, years, decades, centuries, millennia, aeons, epochs, eras, whole universal tick tockings and big boomings had come and gone and come and gone again. And come and gone and come and gone. Whole worlds had risen and fallen, risen and fallen, fallen and risen, fallen and risen, fallen and fallen, risen and risen. Whole animal kingdoms marched passed in their evolutionary fast forward procession. Whole kingdoms of animal kingdoms. Suessian kingdoms of animal kingdoms of animal kingdoms. From when the last memory was severed to this day somewhere on the map. All had been displaced. By all this and more.

On the map it was named something. Somewhere. Five minutes (or five centuries?) earlier and it would not have existed would it? No. Suddenly there it was again.

The first thing he did was feel his teeth with his hands. The first thing I did was feel my teeth with my hands. And the shock when he felt them all not to be there anymore. And the shock I felt when I felt most of my teeth where gone. Where were they he asked? Where did they go I asked? Where are they? Scattered all over creation. All over civiliation. All over the wildernesses. All over. Gone.

The second thing I did was look real close at the thing in the mirror window storefront. The light of a setting sun that was rising, casting a golden orange light upon a terrible sight. Me, the derelict. The Bowery bum minus the Bowery. Clown hobo - clown - hobo = myself.

What had happened to me? And why did they do this to me? And where would I go now that I knew? What could I do now that it was over? Was it really over? I startled at something behind me but it was only my shadow on the wall behind. The sun now fuller and whiter in a fast blue sky. A few clouds impossibly shaped moving vapour fast towards somewhere.

There was no-one on the street and heat became more and more apparent as that sun rose, as that Earth under and around that sun spinning over and over in the void. But that was before all this came rushing back. Now there were plenty of questions. Questions rushing into hurt, colliding with pain. From my mouth. From my head - it seemed like I couldn't hold my head any way that didn't hurt. Sometimes a lot, sometimes a little, and more often excruciatingly sharply.

Questions. I would have to wash. To shave. To find clothes. To burn or bury these rotten clothes. To get dressed. To find a dentist who will work for free unless - no. No wad of thousand dollar bills in my pockets. Full of dirt, sticks, bottle caps, pieces of garbage. No small sack of diamonds sewn into the linings of a fine suit sometime in the nineteen sixties.

Find a place to do this. Wish I was on the lake where our cottage once was. Where all I had to do was swim in the cold water. The deep black water of the lake that would clean everything.



Clean to the core of my lost soul. Clean with no soap only water and wind and the smell of an endless pine forest, rocks, moss, lichen, cat tails, moose shit, wolf packs, loon pairs, black flies, dead skunks in the middle of the woods, dead skunks in the middle of the city, dead skunks in the middle of the road.

But there was no lake here. Only an increasing amount of people now. And all of the cars had Florida plates and the one right there smiles back at me. Choose life. Choose life. Choose life. OK. OK. OK. I am alive. I choose life. I am not dead. I do not choose death. I choose life. Life chooses me. OK. I'm OK.

Someone stops. Looks into my eyes. Asks me if I'm OK. There's a woman on his arm. Impossibly pretty. Both look as if they've been listening to my brain, my thoughts, what I had just been saying to myself. They are tanned. Fit. He has a cowboy hat on, she a kerchief. Like this is Oklahoma! A couple now that I focus on them. It was the woman not man who asked me.

"Yes. Yes, I think so. Yes. I'm all right. Thank you. Yes."

"Are you sure?" The man asks me.

"No. No. No, I'm not sure. I'm not all right. Could you tell me where I am."

"Ocala" She says.

"Ocala Florida" He says when it doesn't register.

"Ocala Florida United States of America, Earth" She adds. And she laughs. And he laughs. And I laugh. I feel like I'm really laughing my head off it hurts so much and they notice.

"There's a clinic in town. It's free." The man tells me.

"I'm not in town?"

"Yes. Just more so. Down that street. A white building with big, blue doors. Can't miss it if you go down there. Round the corner." He pushes something into my hands that feels like paper. It's money. A hundred dollar bill. "And hush now and keep that. Been there brother. Been back too. God bless." he adds. Then they are gone.

I am gone. I begin to weep. My legs buckle a little. I kneel down on one knee like I remember at a football practice, a team picture so long ago we wore leather helmets. Only it's not my life I'm remembering. Tears and grief. Sunshine and a hundred dollars. A free clinic somewhere near. In a big white building, blue door can't miss God bless. God bless.

Life is. Life is. Life is a string of miracles. To find myself weeping there in the street as the memories of my children, my wives, my wife pregnant, the infant child my son, the memories storm out. I weep staggering through the street to the white building with the blue doors somewhere down there with fifty dollars in my fist. The tears washing dirt from around my eyes to make me look like some sort of bizaaro minstrel shower street person, homeless former mental patient, psychiatric survivor, grubby troll.

When I push open the big blue doors I find myself alone in a waiting room where not five but six nurses stand there looking at me. And two doctors. Life is. Life is a string of miracle pearls strung out between grief. Clackness, madness, horror, insanity, death, devastation, darkness. Making fun of it all. Having jest with it all. Being the opposite of gravity. I cannot help myself laughing and then weeping and laughing and weeping. As they peel the clothes from me. As something sharp and terrible is removed from my shoulder numbness. As I hear more voices in the out there that was empty. As I am swabbed and moved somewhere on a stretcher. As I weep and laugh and weep some more. As it all returns not slowly but in alternately horrifying, joyous rushes of inrushing memories.



"God is Great, Great is God" reads the sign over the door. A metal door with no handle, hinges, numbers or mail slot. A steel grey metal door that is cool to the touch. That opens after a push of a buzzer. God is great, great is god. OK. OK. I'm not going to argue that one.

They're going to let me stay here as long as I want. As long as I keep those hallways clean. Broom and pan. Garbage can. Mop and pail. They're going to let me stay here for nothing until I can save enough to go where ever I'm from. That's what the man who took me from the clinic told me. That's what the nurses and the doctor told me before the man arrived. So I have to believe. It's the truth. Even the police officer who questioned me for a few minutes told the doctor to call them. That he could stay there for free if he cleaned for them. So it must be true if everyone tells me. Must be.

And this room. This small room with a cot and a chair and a desk and a light. Is mine. As long as I clean for them. Yes. I'll clean for them. I'll clean for them. I'll clean for them. Until I can remember where I'm from and where I'm supposed to go next. Where I'm going to go next. Free. But I have to go to a kitchen down the block to eat. A kitchen that is nice but full of people who were me a few yesterdays ago. People who are me inside.

They didn't fix my teeth perfect. But good enough to think about eating more than oatmeal and bananas. I stopped going to the soup kitchen because I no longer could eat the soup. Or stare at them who were me looking back at me hungry. Wondering who the hell I was and what I was doing there. I once even told them all that I wasn't any different than them. That we were the same. They either didn't hear me or didn't believe me or it was too noisy for anyone to hear anything really. That, actually couldn't hear me for all the munching and talking, and screams and belching and farting and shuffling and dropping of things and one guy in the corner singing. Singing something from Oklahoma! improbably enough.

I would have to find that fine old couple. And thank them. And a string of apologies along the miracle of life chosen stretched out around the beautiful neck of woman world. I'm sorries in the beauty of it all that could not be spoken for they would not believe it. How would I ever go back? Was there even a back to go to so broken do I remember it being?

Laying in that bed in the tall ceilinged room with the terrazzo floor in that impossibly quiet building built in 1919. Remembering wrecked havoc in havoc central. Where had I been? How did it all start? What words had caused the unravelling? Or was it the accident? That Chrysler coming out of nowhere sending me flying over the handlebars and into the window. That shattered into a million green bits as the driver swore at me, my head planted against his passenger seat headrest. The EMR guys looking in my eyes with a laser beam and then...

Nothing. My head still hurts. But I no longer hear anything but the impossible silence of the god is great, great is god 1919 building night. I have almost two thousand dollars in twenty dollar bills in the drawer of the night table no-one is going to steal. Not in the little town outside Ocala they sent me to. To work in this empty building on the farm where they raise impossibly expensive horses for rich children to jump over high fences. This building is empty for me so it seems. But it will fill again and then it will be time for me to go. When they return in the summer it will be time for me to go. And I will have another two thousand dollars in the drawer. And I will be able to go back. Go back. Go. Back. To 1999.

Surprisingly the more I recall the less I remember 1999. Eight years and counting. Always counting. Even after I will really be dead. Counting. Counting even after you are dust and gone too. You who walks on my ashes. Gone. And only the remote, always forefront, distant, breathing in my face questions. The journalists questions asked of myself. When I was a reporter questions I never cared to ask. When I was a failed politician I never asked myself. When I was a failed professional I never dared to. And when I was destroyed they went away. And when I am undestroyed they come back with a vengeance of a vengeance of a vengeance.

Two more weeks pass like days. I say my goodbyes. I go to see the couple. She is in hospital now. But tell me I'm looking better than she is now and that maybe they shouldn't have stopped after all. I laugh, she laughs, he laughs, we all laugh. I say my goodbyes. I cry, she cries, he cries, we all cry because we know she's going to die soon. And that he will be alone.



And that I am going back to devastation. And that life is still a sting of luminescent, magical globes strung out into the ever increasing void. Beautiful, and irrepressible and all that and more. I say goodbye. Goodbye. Goodbye

One day, seven hours, fifteen minutes and a billion light years later.

Finding an apartment in Buffalo is easy. Finding a job is not. But I do. Cleaning another silent hallway deep. Only deep in the night. A large machine propelling itself Zamboni-like down all the mile down one way and then back until six hours later it is done. Every night repeated like some sort of janitorial mantra for seven dollars and fifteen minimum wage cents per hour. Just enough to survive if you're me. Not enough to live if you're not. While I figure out how I can say hello when everyone I knew and loved either think I'm dead or wish I were so. Six hours a night to clean the same floor over and over and over again sight unseen to all those people who walk here between buildings in the day. To all those people who once knew me may also walk. For whom I lovingly clean the floors hoping that they would walk upon them and think how clean the floor is. How this floor is so clean. Not knowing I am the cleaner.

That is about as close as I can get to the ones I loved and who loved me. My children. The women I loved and still love. The friends I once knew. The people I joked with and did things with. Before.

The four thousand dollars had slowly become two thousand dollars when another job transpired. An ad appearing right there in the paper which I replied to immediately. Fourteen dollars and hours to clean. Only this time in a hospital. A mental hospital. A private mental hospital. A private mental hospital full of the cleanest, most sane mental hospital inmates I have ever seen.

They like me there. The people there. The patients. The nurses. The doctors who drive the best cars. The other cleaners. The cooks and waiters and porters and technologists and technicians. The visitors and emergency "guests". Mostly I liked them too, happy to be alive. Happy to breath and hear voices again not of my own making.

I had regrown the beard to cover my face, to hide behind. And the shock one day of walking towards my second wife and son and they walking by without a clue or breath of who I was was too much. I was going home. Fortunately or I would have had to call in sick so much did the well of sorrow rush in to take me down it again that day. For the weekend I did not leave my bed. When I started this on Friday night when I stop to sleep now. To continue in the morning after I buy some shirts for work. Groceries. A watch. And set down to write again hopefully. Again.

END





Branstrom held up the image for everyone to see.

"Now that's genius! Big! 5-d! Just god damned righteous. And the Logo - Boy Oh boy! They won't take a stinking breath without seeing this fucking beautiful thing. No survivors! No Christen survivors!! Just fucken magnificent!"

Miller, Ing And San nodded even though they where on the verge of a collective breakdown. The Logo had cost one a marriage, another a heart attack and the third a lifelong battle with the bottle. They were no longer whole people. They where the walking dead.

Branstrom, President of Wow Multimedia Incorporated - the hottest thing to hit the World Ad industry since TV - went on extolling. Praising the K-2esque conclusion of 28 hour day months of pure, sheer, utter, complete, total, irreversible and undeniable hell. They had won HyperProject's International core image account in March. It was October and it was accepted this afternoon. It was "THE FUCK-KING UL-TRA-DREAM!" as Marvin Branstrom Brueller screamed into the air phone so long ago when he heard rumors of victory somewhere over the Pacific.

After the last version was accepted - there was nothing more for them to do for a few months now - Marv booked the Concord to take them all over hell and back "While it was still there". Thailand ... Fiji ... wherever the fuck they felt like going. At a hundred and twenty five thousand dollars an hour. He gave them all - even the fucking secretary (who "Ungrateful whore" promptly quit) - six and seven figure bonuses and three month long leaves with triple pay. He bought the most exclusive restaurant in first stop New York City yesterday. To have the party today. Because they said no way the day before. And he would sell it for a buck to the first wino that came along when it was over "fuck you".

When most of this room would be airborne, drunk, asleep, under observation or medication - or all of the above - the campaign would begin. Someone at Hyper Project put it this way - "The unfolding of the global campaign would be methodical and effective". Marv's Translation: "We're going to FUCK'em GOOD."

In his fuck infused head, surrounded there in the board room by his zombified once colleagues, Marv calculated the fortune Hy-I (Hyperproject International) had made him. Even though he had made and lost several, like any good capitalist pig, he could not imagine losing this one. No matter what he did or didn't do. A billion is a big number. Two is even bigger. Man, if happiness wasn't money then what the hell was it? he asked himself at ten BILLION dollars personal value.

How did I - we - they - WoW Media - get it? That was the other question that wavered on the edge of everybody's consciousness. Well the Chair at HyperProject International was odd in certain ways. He thought in a sort of peculiar organo-industrial way. Viewing the beginning of any enterprise as a sort of a germseed. A virus was another image that he let into his mind. But of course a virus for good. At the centre of all endeavors, he believed, was a single impetus, a sole contagion. After all one grain of salt could crystallize a supersaturated solution. And look at all the havoc caused by the Bubonic plague and AIDS. Why you couldn't even see the cause of those two.

So when he cast the net he cast a fine net. He caught them all up. All the fish in the adworld sea, huge, big, middling, so-so, small, minuscule and downright fictitious. And he made them all come up - no more than two from any agency no matter what - to the one hundred and tenth floor of the Hyper Int'l Tower to tell The Board what.

They came all right. It took a year to see them all. They heard them all out, each and every last pitiful one. And then there was silence from a way up there. Who didn't hold their breath? Nobody could believe the verdict. Of course subsidiary and supporting contracts would fan out like a wave of green. None of the players would be left out. But the prize had gone to the up-start with a capital U. The knives where buried in failed account exec's backs. There were not a few offices found with locks changed and security escorts awaiting to lead ex-ad-exec's sud-



denly to the expensive door. Unceremonious bootings out of twenty five year careers for letting what was probably the last chance at a loto-like windfall any corporation would ever know. With the world sliding into chaos and anarchy and worse WoW MultiMedia's rapacious hands.

The big, Big, BIG decision boys had been at WoW earlier that afternoon. They glowed in their god damned blue suits and oh so subtle company ties. Glowed power, giga-miga-higga-bucks. Quanta-ego. They walked and talked and looked more zeroes than was fit for human consumption. They didn't know about life or death or pain or suffering or earth. They where immortal. The cuntin' Gods. He told his compadres they must shit platinum and diamonds cause he couldn't figure out where all that money came from.

But where it came from was as plain as the nose on your face (if you have one). 'Cause you, shmuck, and me smhoe, paid the bills. Every time you pick up a sugar bottle of Coke, put a drop of gas in your death machine or plunk a penny down for just about anything and everything. We are paying for the great idea of the century. The private initiative to solve ALL the world's problems. To stabilize the world economy and allow the rate of sustainable growth to continue indefinitely. Or at least until every last inconvenient field, meadow or forest is paved over, every river dammed and all the rest of the air, land, space and water properly licensed and merchandised into oblivion. And this right in the middle of the biggest depression since the ice ages.

We are paying for it. The consuming public. The ultimate pig, subsidizing every fucking good, bad, ugly and big thing. From every nobody a dollar a day just seems to add up to more money than anyone ever knew could exist.

And what an idea! Only thing that topped it was the hype Branstrom and Eyes whirled around it. And the campaign HyperProject International would soon fling pell mell upon an unsuspecting world.

Completely tracing The Idea for precedents would have been to go back to the first Ogs. Anyways those several Ogs that first put one big fucking boulder on top of another for no reason. Except that it was bigger now.

Or even further back. But I can't quite figure what some dinosaur or invertebrate would do that is comparable.

To be fair, the idea was property, in the non native American Indian sense of the word, of Doctor Kendall. And he had insisted on being called Doctor. He was Doctor, as in of Philosophy (Stanford), Albert R. (for Ronald) Kendall. Doctor Kendall had been working at it for quite a while. Before he struck paydirt. Unfortunately the good Phd (Stanford) Doctor Albert Ronald Kendall, a year before his idea also hit the global fan, died. Sad but true. He was dead. Just as his idea was about to take the world by storm.

His field was weather and economics. The effects and interactions - long, medium, short, macro, micro and mini. He thought right there in his plush office over-looking the woods of the campus. Hallowed, endangered, comfortable tenure behind his behind which only had to tolerate two classes a week - graduates only. That and a few meetings. All an easy drive in the Volvo from his country estate, a place shmarmy real estate agents advertise as "Retreats" and don't put the price.

The parties, colloquiums, conferences, articles, books students ... had blurred after the decades into a familiar numbing round. Only there dozing in his office could he think clearly anymore. This time - when he thought the idea of his life time - up, Doctor Kendall had just woken up, head quite glued to his shoulder. He was looking at his very antique globe in the clean sunlight. He realized it then and there. He saw the world without the most obvious error in thought of our millennium, quickly scribbled it on a piece of paper and shoved that paper on top a pile of similar pieces of paper. Remembering an appointment he went out absolutely forgetting the inspiration that had caught him up just hours previous, inconceivably bypassing the pole that would vault him to after life intellectual super-stardom.



Weeks later. The good doctor shuffled through his increasingly thin ideas pile as he called it. Coming across the page in question he paused not allowing it to join the rest in the red "for shredding" box the "epsilons" (his words) emptied in the unseen hours of the night.

As Kendal wrote the lugubrious phraseology of an academic lifetime seemed to swarm onto the paper that was to be his claim to posthumous fame. In an hour it was done and Dr. shoved on top of another pile of finished scribbles for his secretary to transmogrify. Dr A.R. Kendall (as the plate on his door read) then lapsed into reverie which suddenly led to that nap that was always on the verge of happening. Again he forgot entirely about it.

On Monday morning there it was in spanking type. One more paper prepared by the punctilious Mrs Jefferson. She had deciphered the scrawl, rewrote it entirely editing it for grammar and spelling (etc). Totally ready for submission to any of the umpteen wishy-washy journals or quarterlies or reviews he had been published in and would be published in again. He tacked on a few more or less genuine citations and put the document in his "Submit" file.

Except for that he died shortly thereafter. Plonk. Dead. Dropped dead while half way to the elevator. Victim of a huge cerebral hemorrhage the cause, incidentally of his recent bouts of unreported sleepiness.

The Mid-Atlantic Economic Review chose to publish his paper for a number of reasons. It was not big enough to invite an unpleasant and thorough-going condemnation if his idea was weak or dubious - deceased or not. But it was not so insignificant that if it was in any ways a good idea no-one would think it was worthy of their attention. The perfect article.

And then that article hit academic superstardom when the American Vice President read the darned thing. And started privately circulating it among the up and coming czars of conglomerated world industry.

His colleagues, remembering the services for the dead Kendall years later - once the light of the universe had illumined him - wanted to do it all over again. Only on a scale more befitting the revised stature of their colleague. As it was it was a sort of quick send-off with just the acceptable amount of trimmings for an obscure and kind of tedious professor in one of the once weaker departments of the University. With more Trust and foundation money than ever imaginable flowing into the economics department's coffers his colleagues wished they could not only do the funeral right. They wished they could bring the fucking bore back from the dead.

What did Kendall see that hazy day? He saw things not just the way things were - like the worlds Galileo, Copernicus or Einstein envisioned. Not seeing things the way they are. No. That's not the way the human mind works anymore. He saw things as the way things could be. The way things should be. And, if HyperProject International had its way (and we all know it will), the way the would be.

It was a world without variations, constant. It was the end of elemental struggling. No more winter, spring, summer, fall. No more drought or flood or famine. All from an amazingly simple idea. An idea no-one could believe had never been thought of before. But it had not. Well not exactly.

Doctor Ignaeteous Maerdorf of the Universitata Bremen had almost published a paper entitled "Theorem Des Allgemeinschaften Der Augenhaven Earten und Hauptfman Simbioter-biemachen' in 1940, in Deutsche Welle. Almost, because the SS ransacked their offices and burnt everything burnable. Why? Because of their Intellectual Jewishness. I mean it was a magazine called German weather!

Maerdorf was last seen being led off unconscious into the night between two notoriously bad guys. We can only hope that the end was swift. His paper might well have provided a little glory to the ignoble sub-footnote his life left in the history of this little world. But it was not to be. Instead he is remembered as the father of an Anarcho-Socialist Anti-Racist son who had risen to head the DBRFG Movement before he was assassinated by the Neofacist Skinheads in 1992. Sadness on top of ignominy.



Maerdorf, Kendall and probably a dozen other utterly unknown mindtinkerers had had the idea over the millenia. Why now was it being set upon the world? And why today did everyone seem to agree that it was "An Idea for the Times." (another one of Eyes MultiMedia's copy-righted Logophrases) ?

Who made the decision to send billions upon billions - now, altogether, Trillions - of global tax dollars to match private funds down the HyperProject highway? Who decided it would happen, assembled a hundred thousand employees and hundred of plants, offices and factories? Who thought it really was such a good idea and figured that realigning the axis of the earth so that it was no longer on an angle was better than putting on a sweater when it got cold or taking it off when it was hot again.

Why you and I did, citizen. Straight up and down, no seasons, no nonsense. No devious left-right intellectualizing. Just plumb uncommon MOR common sense is all. You walk right up there to the earth and give it one good "Setting The World Straight" Socko! period, end of mess, happily ever after.

The Logistics of assembling the blast that would remove the 15 degree tilt in the Earth's axis kept a score of mainframes the size of elephants working day and night. One broke down spewing data around the world that forced stock markets to close temporarily so powerful was the digital percussion. New York alone registered a one minute fluctuation of 4,000 points on the Dow Jones. That sent one very prominent broker to the window ledge until he could be convinced that it was all a mistake. Ir-regardless, the bears and bulls were all under therapy for a couple of weeks afterwards.

It never was explained how one company's computers - albeit really humongous computers - could have such an effect on the financial markets. The public theory was that the incoming and outgoing lines where somehow crossed leading to the digital accident. The Voice and other papers more inclined to drug induced conspiratorial theories proposed that Hyper was actually controlling the markets. As a part of it's secret mandate to control the world for the commercial-industrial-governmental complex. If only the truth could be told. Eyebrows would fall off.

The soil was being prepared with a vigor that the Puritans would have regarded as excessive. The economic i-s were being dotted and t-s carefully crossed. But all that was not really central to the full issue coverage that HyperProject was receiving in the world press. LIFE devoted an issue to just pictures, no words, the sights were so impressive. The gigantic gravity wave generators and satellite. Perfect. Perfectly modern. Perfectly twentieth century. Perfect.

END



I awoke lost.

I awoke one morning lost. In myself,. In another dimension or somehow transported onto some other world. Insane any way I look at it. I breathe, appear to have substance, pain, hunger, all those human things. I am walking about in a place that only looks like where I once was. The people have dimension, exist as I do apparently.

Only they smile and are cheerful. Greeting me with a happy good morning or afternoon or evening. Chatting pleasantly with one another as they go along. Generally in pairs or small groups. Rarely if ever alone. Seems like I'm the only one alone, though they, these human aliens, seem not to notice. Acting towards me as if I were one of them. Only I move parting the seas – set apart – included in the mass all around me only by occupying my space.

When I return to my apartment – yes it is still as I left it so many nights ago – I am left only with questions. Which I have rapidly stopped asking. Yet remain. Hang in the air like the sounds of happy neighbours that cut off some hours after sunset as if all at once. To leave me in my insomniac silence.

In the morning – how many days have I been here-where-nowhere? – I go out on the balcony to study what is different about the skyline, the buildings and city. Nothing. Except for a sudden absence of construction – demolition – renovation – roofing – paving – anything. Traffic flows. Quietly rushing without the background din. Trains running. Airplanes landing, taking off. Clouds in the sky drifting towards the lake. No sirens. And no birds. No birds.

Therefore it's not the same place. I sleep. I dream. And no answers are forthcoming.

It is the seventh day. Morning. Money keeps appearing in my bank account. Every day so far. The number for my workplace has been disconnected. There is no sign of the company ever having existed. In it's place? A wellness centre. Which I go in to and am greeted by a clinical blond with the same smile and gleeful hello as everyone else. I leave and walk around more.

The building I live in does have a thirteenth floor now. They all do. So now I'm on the 24th floor. There has been no mail. My cellphone is charged but dead. No-one seems to have one. The computer is there but it's been wiped clean of everything, anything. What kind of world is this?

Tomorrow I am determined to explore beyond the confines of the city around me. Perhaps an answer will lie beyond.

END

A pale blue sky is what welcomed Taylor this morning. Taylor going out of the house. Suzy wishing Taylor a good day, kissing him right on the cheek. Where it's still wet and now cold in the wind on the walk to the station. Taylor saying bye and out the door he goes. The sun is up but curiously no-one can see it anywhere. It's bright. Day. The sky is pale blue. But funnily enough no sun. It's behind something. And everything.

1.

It's not too far from our house to the GO station. And I have plenty of time before the train will lumber in and the people get on, myself included. Not too long. Just enough time. To look around. At who's there. And who's not. Fred, who I always ride with, is on holiday with Marie and the kids. Brian is in hospital with another ulcer. The life of a broker manager I guess. So I'm on my own for the next while. Time to read. Time to look out the window since reading on the train really makes me sick. But the train's still too far even to see the lights.

A pale, pale, blue. A jet dispersed, UV blockin GMO chemtrail baby blue blue. Chemtrails. Don't know what to believe anymore really. Hey. There's Jim. Long time no see Jim. He's looking a little odd. A little off. His shirt is sticking out of his pants. His pants almost look like pyjamas. They are pyjamas! And he appears to be coming up to me. He is coming up to me.

"Hi Taylor."

"Why hello Jim. Long time no see."

"Been busy Taylor. Real busy."

"Whatcha been up to?"

"Separated from Julia. Told her I was gay."

"Oh boy how are the kids taking it?" That's all I can think of saying when I want to say Gay! Freaking you Jim are a fag? I can't believe it!

"They don't know. I haven't found a place of my own yet. Was wondering if you'd like to move out with me."

Oh fuck. What did I just hear? "You're kidding right Jim. This is a joke, eh?" Oh fuck it better be a joke. I can hear the train now and turn to see the light not so far away.

"No joke Taylor. I'm in love with you."

"Jim I'm a married man. A HAPPILY married man. Maybe you should talk to someone."

"I'm talking to someone."

"No, no Jim. I mean someone who can help you. A helper. A professional helper."

"I don't need help. I need you."

"Oh no, Jim. You don't need me. I'm going to get on that train and we can forget all about his Jim. You can drop the kids over with Suzy and me while you an Julia work -"

"Shut up Taylor."

"- while you and Julia work things -"

"I said shut the fuck up Taylor."



I see a tip of silver coming out from Taylor's pyjamas and wonder what the hell. The tip, the pointy end of that shiny nickle plated World War Two I forget what it was called that belonged to his grandfather. A 45. That Jim said had it filled but didn't and actually was working as fuck. Pointed at my guts. At my balls really. I feel sick to my stomach.

"Jim -"

"No more. You're not getting on that train. You're coming with me."

"No way Jim."

"Yes way Taylor. And call me James from now on. James." Jim smiles that fucking weird smile again, one eye looking kind of another way. He is fucking off. 100% off.

"Jim -"

"I said fucking James or I waste you here and now!" See he's whispering all this so no-one hears. By now the train is real close and the sound is getting louder and louder so he basically shouts the last "Now!" bit in my ear. And still no-one hears. One lady even smiles at us like saying "Oh nice, two fags having a domestic on the platform." How to eye back "No - that it's one fag with a gun and one happily married non-fag who he's pointing that gun at who needs the police not a snide, fake gay positive look"?

The people get on. I don't know anyone else. No-one to help me. No off duty officer or passing by cruiser. The conductor - passenger service agent - looks out. Makes the signal - the doors begin to close in front of me. The instinct to jump in now rises from those same balls he's got his grand-dad's 45 pointed at. And then I remember Suzy and the kids and I don't.

"Good Taylor. Let's go to my car. Now. Move!"

I feel him jab the gun into my belly. It hurts - I can't move. For some reason my legs won't go.

"Move Taylor." He pushes me and my legs begin to work again. Sort of stumbling in the direction of the parking lot down the steps from the platform. There's Jim's car. It's full of stuff in the back seat. Full like some college kid packed it, shoving everything in until it was full. Then more.

"Jim -"

"James."

"Jim I'll be late -"

"James!"

"Jim I'll be late for w -"

The sound of some massive explosion fills the car and smoke is rising from the gun. A hole is in the roof of the car and bits of white stuff are floating in the air. "James." He's not smiling anymore. There's what can only be described as a maniacal McDonald's Grimace grimace on Jim's face. Just like Grimace.

I can't speak now. I look at the station and there's no-one there. The next train is in half an hour and there's no-one anywhere. Jim starts the car and drives the wrong way down the street to the lights, running the red - no cars either way.

"We're going to start a new life. I know you'll like it. I've got it all planned out Taylor." Jim holds open one of those big lawyer's brief folders. Inside is a lot of money. Hundreds mostly. Some fifties. "A hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Plus more in the trunk. I've been saving. Not a soul knows about it but you Taylor. We're going to be very happy together Taylor."



I feel my bowels pressing to rush out. "I have to go to the bathroom - " I was going to add Jim but I decide it's probably not a good idea. I decide never to say that name ever again. And to spend more time with the kids and go on that second honeymoon to Fiji with Suzy and take out more life insurance if I ever get out of this deep pile of dark shit.

"Tay I think you can hold it for a little while. I want to get out of this suburban hell, into some open country. Where you can breath." He looks at me and I can see his eyes are now way out of focus. He's got that strange smile back. "Tay. I really like that. Tay. I really like you. Do you like me Tay?"

Words escape me.

"Never mind Tay. You relax. Enjoy the ride. We've got a long way to -"

The sound and a flashing of light dark, white black, explodes his words no sooner than spoken. There is sudden quiet and something on my face. Something warm and soft that makes it so I can't see anything. I draw my hands to my face. It's hot but falls away into my lap. Looks grey and bloody. Jim isn't there anymore. That side of the car isn't there anymore. There's only daylight. A steet there. Little green squares of shine all over the asphalt. In front of me a super white popped balloon.

I feel my face and I move my legs and I look around some more. My side of his car where I am sitting - except for the exploded airbag - is like it was. The other side has been taken away by something. I am somehow trapped in the car when I try to get out. Until I realize that I have the seatbelt on. I unclick it and can step away out the gapping side.

The sight a little further down is one of those huge dump trucks. Stopped sideways in the intersection. Underneath what is probably the rest of the car and Jim. Sorry, Jim. Bye bye Jim. Thank you dump truck driver. Should have obeyed your traffic signals Jim. And not gone James fag Tay crazy Jim motherfucker in sane.

I decide to go home. I call in sick. My briefcase was by my side the whole time and I retrieve it from the wreckage. That something over my eyes was probably part of that fucking guy's brains. It lays on the street steaming. I can hear sirens coming and things hissing, someone shouting something. To me? I think I can take a day off after something like this.

I remember to call the office. It's Jarvitz who answers. "Jarvis, I've been in an accident. Bad. Real bad. Yes I'm okay. I'm not coming in today. Can you ask Shirley to rebook my appointments. Yes. Real bad. Terrible. Except for a headache. I'll explain more tomorrow. Yes. I'm sure. Yes. I will. I feel ok. Thanks. Okay. Bye Jarvis." His name was Jarvitz but everyone called him Jarvis - including himself.

2.

How I got home I couldn't tell our savior if asked me on judgment day. What streets, how long it took, where it happened. WHAT happened. Only I got home. And it was quiet downstairs. The kids at school. Suzy probably at the gym or shopping. Up the stairs, the good, solid, hardwood stairs we picked out from the samples, mahogany. Brazillian mahogany, sustainably harvested. Hundred year stairs is how the guy explained it. Up the stairs real sore now.

Into the bathroom. Looking in the full length mirror at the blood and gore on me it's a wonder no-one called the police. Though I remember seeing no-one on the way home. Everyone is somewhere else other than the streets at that time of day. Streets I could run down with a machine gun blazing and no-one would notice or care.

The shower is hot and the blood disappears down the drain. I check myself and nothing is wrong. Except for a ringing in my ears from the gun or maybe the crash.





I've thrown my clothes in the wash - it was casual Monday or else a suit would have been ruined. And open the door to our adjoining bedroom. There are two people naked, having sex on our bed. One of them on top is a black man. One of them looks like Suzy. They don't see me or hear me but I can see them. And hear them. The one that looks like Suzy is saying "Fuck me. Deeper. Harder. Fuck me." Over and over and over. The black other is grunting with every pump.

For the second time I can't move. The one that looks like Suzy is the first to see me standing there in my towel. The black man just keeps on sexing her up. She holds a hand up stopping him and then he notices me. He jumps off her and is coming for me saying something like "Who the fuck are you -"

The woman screams "No!" - it's Suzy and the guy hits me real hard and again. One kick sends him reeling. The next, into his face brings back the memory of what I should have done to Jim but couldn't. But he hits me again while in that thought... I take his arm in a lock and he goes to punch me a third time with the other. A crack and he goes down. I hear more screaming

"No, he's my husband - he's dangerous" and the black man shouting "And fuck you too, bitch. And next time make you call someone for company tell don't them you're single bitch!"

The guy gets up and gathers his clothes - Suzy is holding me back and he disappears out the door and down those same forever stairs. "Oh Taylor! Taylor I'm so sorry Taylor. I didn't know you would come home. It means nothing Taylor. He's nobody. It's nothing. Taylor? Taylor!"

First Jim. Then a wreck. Then seeing my wife having sex with a basketball player or something. On our bed. On the bed I spent three thousand, one hundred and eighty seven dollars and sixty eight cents on delivery, set up included. For her. For me. Solid stairs. Granite bathroom. Great entrance way. Landscaped ravine side property. Private lane.

I go to in my office in the basement. I lay down on on the pull out bed and sleep. I hear the kids come home later. I go up to see them and Suzy has been crying. I can't say a word this time. And the kids are upset and Beatrice starts to cry after supper and Danny looks like he's about to join her. Vicky is old enough not to but she sure looks like she'd like to bust out too. Somehow they get to bed. But I can't look at or talk to Suzy. Later she tries the door which I locked and I can hear her saying something. I tell her I can't talk. That I don't know what to talk about. Maybe tomorrow.

The ringing in my ears subsides slowly. Sleep assaults me on a day from hell that started out so innocently. Guess a million guys have had bad things like this happen to them and they survived. Though I can't imagine all at once and quite like what seemed to have happened today. Yesterday since it's one o'clock Tuesday morning. I have to be up six to make the train and pick up the pieces. The pieces of whatever. Whoever. However. Whenever. Where ever.

3.

I have my blue suit on. The one I usually wear on Mondays. Except weird one time only casual Monday. It's Tuesday - I think - and the kids aren't up yet though I hear Suzy upstairs. I decided to take the early train to avoid any possibility of discussion. Mostly because I don't know what to say. Also because I think I might just say it's okay, that I love you and that I need time to figure this out. Which is probably not the best thing to do.

As I open the door I see two uniformed cops standing there about to ring the bell.

"Taylor Hall?"

"Yes. How can I help you officer?" I figure it's about Jim and the wreck and I say to myself that he was giving me a lift to work. That I was not feeling well afterwards and went home. That I'm much better now thank you officer.

"Are you the spouse of one Suzanne Hall who also resides here?"



"I am."

"Mr. Hall we'd like to talk with you. Now don't be upset but we have to talk with you at our office."

"OK. How about I drive over after work today.

"Well Mr. Hall" - it's the other one talking now - "unfortunately we have to bring you there. Kind of right now."

"Uh - okay. I can follow you in my car. I'm going to be late for work if I don't drive." I can already hear the train even though it's dead quiet on the street. The train pounding in my ears.

"Sir you're going to be late for work today. But we have to drive you there."

"Why?"

"Well sir it's part of our routine when we bring people in for questioning."

"Questioning?"

"Questioning. And another part of what we have to do is ask you to put these on. He taps the handcuffs hooked onto his belt. Which is right next to a yellow gun that looks like a taser. And a cannister of what is either mace or raid. Mace. And a gun in an open mod holster, no more Smith and Wesson six shooters for deputy dogs. "But we'll put it on in front. And you can cover it with your jacket." which I had slung over my arm.

"I don't understand Officer."

"Help me here Mr. Taylor." I hold out my hands and quicker than I imagined I was handcuffed with my jacket now slung over my wrists and holding my briefcase at the oddest angle.

"And well sir I also have to read this because unfortunately I'm placing you under arrest under suspicion of assault and battery. You have the right - " and at this point everything begins to blur. All I recall is now sitting in the back of the police car. Then going to 31 division in a former strip mall. The police car rolling in through some huge garage doors and underground. I have one cop on either side and they sit me down on a dirty bench standing at a heavy window some other police officer, a woman, slides open.

"Intake form? Thank you. Mr. Hall can you please come to the window" She asks me. I somehow get there. "Mr. Hall you are under arrest for an alleged assault that occurred at your residence. The officers are going to remove those and I'd like you to empty your pockets please."

"Okay" is all I can think of saying but I just nod my head. There is another click click and my hands are free but still one cops close on each side of me. Now I notice one has what looks like a spring nightstick out and has it ready to go. The other is watching my every move as I empty my pockets.

"Do you have any weapons or other concealed items?"

"What?"

"Sir do you have any weapons or concealed items on your possession?"

"No. I am going to work. What kind of question is that?"

"Sir I have to ask the questions, thank you. Do you own or possess any firearms or restricted weapons, registered or unregistered?"

"Are you kidding?"



"Sir please answer the question. Do you own or possess any firearms or restricted weapons, registered or unregistered?"

"No. No I do not own or possess any firearms or restricted weapons, registered or unregistered. I do not have a bazooka, fighter jet or aircraft carrier either."

"Thank you Mr. Hall." It's as if she didn't even register that last bit. "Now my colleague there is going to search you. Please don't move in any way while this is happening. Please do not resist or move in any manner. Do you understand?"

"Yes. But there's nothing. This is crazy"

"Thank you." Now there is a third cop in the room. Smaller. Older. He says his name is Sergeant Stafford and he asks me to lift my arms quickly searching me. He asks me to remove my Blackberry, belt and watch. Then asks me to sit down and remove the laces from my shoes. My wallet and keys, change, belt and shoelaces everything is placed in a plastic bin with a big number on it. My brief case is bagged and the bag clipped with a big tag and another number on it all sitting on the counter.

The woman continues with Sargent Stafford standing beside me. "Sir can you stand on the X painted on the floor?" Stafford points to it. "Thank you. Please look at the camera. No smiling please." How could anyone smile? There is a flash and another. "Please turn to face that picture there." Sargent points to a picture of Nelson Mandela of all people. Another flash. "Please come back here to the counter. Thank you. Place your hands on this counter please. Right hand please. Please relax your hand. Thank you. She inks my hand with a roller. Then fingerprints each finger on a sheet. Then does the same for the other hand. She gives me a paper towel to wipe myself with.

"Sir my name is Staff Sargeant Stafford." Say that three times. "These two gentlemen are shortly going to bring you to a room where people wait until one of our meeting spaces become available. If you have any questions kindly save them for the officers who will talk with you then. Please co-operate and we'll get you home as soon as possible."

"Officer I have to go to work. To work."

"Sir I don't think you'll make it today. We're awfully busy - and it takes time to get things right."

"Can I call then?" The older guy looks at the others. They shrug their shoulders.

"Well this is against the rules - " he goes into the box and retrieves my Blackberry. "but we have to put these back on, okay?" He says motioning to the handcuffs. I nod yes. They are on again, cold and tight. "Sir I have to dial the number."

"Just hold down the four. Speed dial."

"Thank you."

It's Jarvis/Jarvitz again. I tell him I'm not feeling well. That I won't be in today and maybe not tomorrow. The officer motions for me to stop and I say goodbye and hang up while Jarvis is still talking. He puts the cell back in the box which disappears in the window as the woman cop closes it up.

The two others lead me through dirty halls to a door with yellow slits of scratched plexiglas. They open the door look in and close it again. There is an overwhelming smell coming out and black water on the floor. They look at one another leading me up some stairs, unlocking doors that lock behind us. Up to another door where I stand with one while the other goes off.

I hear talking down the hall. And the words "No choice. Put him in Interview room number four. We'll be over." We walk. It's a safe bet to say we're going to interview room number four.



"Okay sir we'll be leaving you here to talk with Detectives Rameesh and Garcia. Now I'm going to remove these handcuffs but you have to promise us to behave. Or we'll be back to put them back on again, okay"

"Yes. I'm not going to do anything Officer."

"Thanks. It makes everything easier."

"This is insane."

"Sorry Mr. Hall. We're trying to help."

"Thanks. Thank you. But this is crazy."

"Okay. If you have any problems you can press that button there and someone will come. Don't worry. They'll straighten things out soon enough."

They leave and the door clicks lock shut. There are three chairs. All of them bolted into the floor which is painted blue concrete. It is cold and damp though outside - wherever that is - is probably hot by now. There is a clock on the wall high up that says nine thirty. It seems like PM but it's AM unless everything is upside down not just my life now.

I wait what also seems a very long time though when another noise outside the door happens it's just nine forty five AM. Fifteen minutes insanity time equals a hundred hours my time.

The door opens and in come two police in suits. One a nice blue suit almost like mine. We look at each other. The other in a brown suit that isn't.

"Hello Mister Hall. My name is Detective Garcia. This is Detective Rameesh. We have received a report that you might have been involved in an incident yesterday afternoon. Involving one - " he looks at his papers, reading the name " - involving one Harvard Lamont at this address, 159 Summerville Crescent. Mr. Hall maybe you can tell me what happened there. Now if you wish we can have your lawyer here during our discussion. Is that something we can help you with?"

"No. Nothing happened. I walk into my bedroom and some guy who was on my wife jumps up and attacks me. He hits me twice. I defend myself. He leaves. My house. Stranger attacks me. I protect myself. That's it."

"Previously, did you know this person?"

"No."

"He didn't work for you?"

"No."

"You didn't hire him to work in your garden?"

"No. I never saw him before."

"Okay Mister Hall."

Now Garcia starts up. "Mr. Hall, what did you do to Mr. Lamont?"

"You mean Mister Lamont that attacked me and punched me twice?"

"Mr. Lamont. What did you do?"



"I defended myself. In my home. My family home."

"Specifically how did you defend yourself?"

"Just like you would. Just like anyone would if they could."

"Please be specific. It would help us a lot to clear this thing up so you you can go."

"I kicked him."

"Once?"

"Twice. After he hit me. Twice. And then came back for more."

"Then what?"

"Then he tried to attack me again."

"What did you do then?"

"I held his arm."

"How?"

"By holding it from moving. Stopping it from punching me again."

"Then what happened?"

"He tried to punch me."

"And..."

"And I stopped him."

"How did you stop him Mister Hall?"

"I guess I broke his arm. Or rather he broke his arm by trying to hit me."

"You broke his arm."

"I guess. I went home and somebody I have never seen before jumped me in my bedroom. I protected myself and my wife and family for all I knew. That's it. Now please I've helped you enough. I'd like to go."

"Thank you Mister Hall." Garcia says.

"Yes, Thank you. I just have to talk with Detective Garcia for a moment." Rameesh is a big East Indian guy and when he stands up I see just how tall compared to Garcia who is short and out of shape. "We'll be back. Thank you for your co-operation Mr. Hall."

They leave and I can hear every noise and see every detail around me in some sort of sharpness and contrast that these moments seem to rip from the banal. The rushing of central conditioned air with a low rumble undertone. The noise of the clock, not so much ticking as a gentle cracking. Some graffiti that was washed away but still partially legible. 'YUr FUcKT' it says. The chairs are grey steel unpainted. They are cold and there are no sharp edges. No sharp edges anywhere in that room. No overhangs or exposed corners. Three cameras in their domes up high. Probably microphones. A mirrored glass in front of me like in television shows.

They come back quickly with a sheaf of papers Rameesh is carrying. "Mr. Hall we are going to have to charge you with Felony assault and battery on one Harvard Lamont. Now standard



procedure is to hold you overnight and for an appearance tomorrow in front of a Justice of the Peace. However we are going to waive that as long as you agree to abide by some conditions of release."

Garcia picks up the yellow legal size pages and starts to read. "The conditions of release are as follow: You are not to approach, contact or come within two hundred meters of Mr. Lamont, his home, workplace or self. You are prohibited from owning or acquiring firearms or controlled weapons of any kind. If you change your address, contact telephone number or place of employment you are to contact this office (he points to the details on the form) within twenty four hours. You are prohibited from leaving the province of Ontario unless granted permission by the courts. There are other conditions listed below (points below). A preliminary court date is indicated here (points to the appropriate place). You will appear there or a warrant will be issued for your re-arrest. If you violate any conditions of this release you may be fined, detained or further restricted. You will be processed shortly and free to go once processing is complete."

Long pause. Then he asks if I have any questions.

"Just what the fuck."

"I'll take that as a no."

4. I go home three hours later. The kids, in school. About to return home. Suzy is silent on the sofa as I enter our house. She tries to talk but nothing comes out.

I tell her I was arrested and charged with assault this morning. That her boyfriend - she tries to correct me - her boyfriend pressed charges. That it will be one hundred thousand dollars if I'm lucky that the kid's college fund won't get. That I'm leaving. That I won't be back. That fuck you, all you had to do is tell me.

I'd like to tell the kids that me and Mom will be apart from now on. I'd like to do that as soon as possible. And if she's okay with that.

She says not really.

I ask her what's the alternative. She says "We just go on." I can't. Did she realize what happened that day? Yesterday? That after some crazy queer I barely knew kidnapped me, running the wrong way into a cement truck. Splitting the car in half and me staggering away. Walking three kilometers home caked in his blood and guts I get home. Only to find her - you - fucking some guy. Who then attacks me - and me, I defend myself. I my own fucking house. And then this guy calls the cops to have me haul ass in the next morning. And I'm supposed to go on?

Suzy breathes in big. And then out. Looking down she tells me she loves me.

I do not know what to say. I do not know what to think. I do not know what to do. This is just fucking insane is all I can mouth. Insane.

5.

A hotel is a hotel room is a hotel room is a hotel.

There is a piercing light from above. Blue. White. Cold. Lifting me into the sky from what I can see now is a giant field of long green grass. Like down by Lakeshore where they never mow but no weeds ever seem to grow. Only the longer greenest grass. I am being drawn up to the light which gets brighter and brighter and then hot. And now chilling cold when I am drawn right up to and in to it. All I can see is light.

Something begins to tug at my feet. I feel something cold on my arm and look. It's a metal something that looks like a tentacle from an octopus. But instead of suction cups there are needles and spinning blades. Another one is now on my other arm. And one big thing that looks like a gold sea anemone only it's metal is coming towards my chest. They look very painful,



extremely hurtful only I feel nothing when they start tearing away at me. Little drops of blood fly every where. My blood. Like a fine mist. Like driving in fog. Red my blood fog.

Two spikes come out of the dark right towards my eyes which I cannot move. Then I can't see anything and feel the spikes bang onto the back of my head. There is another punch and push from down below and there is a cold rush up the middle of my back, inside the middle of my back. I am swung upside down. Then from side to side. I can see again and I can see that somehow I have no arms and legs only strings of metal there. And some sort of machine is all around me, inside me, under me, over me.

There is a voice in my head telling me something. A rushing voice telling me all sorts of things. I try and listen but the more I listen the less I understand. The more I don't listen the easier it is. Then the voice says clearly "You are not remembering. This did not happen. You will not remember. This did not happen."

Then all of the metal pulled out. My arms and legs were back in place. The steel was pulled out of my back and out my ass with a cold, freezing suck. And the light grew brighter and brighter lifting me up again, fast this time, down from the sky. Only this time I was high over our house and going down down through the roof, through the walls, back into my pull out bed where sleep came back heavy and dark over me.

Only I remembered everything the next morning as the sunlight's first light cracked up between the trees in our backyard. Add alien abduction to now thirty six hours from hell. The sting of what must have been probes remained everywhere except the back of my head. There a subtle new lump was the only painless spot on a body that had been taken apart and then put together again by some one or thing. And probably not quite right anymore so the question is can I even trust what I remember or what happened?

Abduction nightmare. On repeat. As usual. A cold sweat. Jerking awake. Wondering where the rest of that fucking car went. Seeing it a hundred meters down the road. Some big red truck sideways in the middle of that road. The guy in his car everything climbing down. Looking at the sheared metal and shredded once body inside. Seeing me with a look of horror on his face. I think he said "But he was going the wrong way! The wrong way..." trailing off.

I think I said "No shit."

Then the crazy walk home covered in guts and blood, blood and guts. Then some guy who's fucking my wife jumps up and launches into me. I put him down. Then what the fuck and what the fuck. And what the fuck.

4.

I told her I'd be back on Friday to pick up some clothes and things and if that was okay. She said it's your house too. Again, I asked if that was okay. She says yes.

Friday. I use the downstairs bathroom and gather the clothes I brought back from the cleaners before all this shit. Suzy comes down the stairs. She is quiet. I had not cleaned my briefcase - which I somehow left in the garage - from the gore of the accident of great good fortune (for me). The blood was intense as it ran down the sink. Must have been quite a scene.

The train was on time and I guess Friday morning would be less eventful than Monday. Again, merciful Jesus. The train ride, the downtown station crowd, the thinning out as everyone got going where they were going. The crush at the elevator up. And then my people up there on the sixtieth floor. Shirley, Jarvis/Jarvitz, Malcolm, Frank, Kim Jul, the rest.

I explained what happened. Leaving out all the wife getting fucked and cops shit. Some crazy motherfucker kidnaps me. Then. Nothing much more except a headache. One of my neighbours I recalled - miraculously the only one who saw me that morning - asking me if I was okay. I told him briefly what happened but that I'm okay. Really. Lucky. 100% good luck. He's a good guy - almost a friend. "Fuck!" he said. "You are one lucky fucker." Am I?



After the first hour of what the fuck. Back in my office, I felt the back of my neck. Head. Hurt. I went through the sights and sensations that spun through me trying to forget. Not successfully. There were people to call and things to do. Business never stops even if you do for a day or show ever many. Business. Ceaseless business.

A pile of paper made up of three files on my desk means some hundreds of thousands and millions of dollars. And dozens and dozens of lives affected. Here. In Singapore and Vietnam and Malasia of all places. With a stop all in. New Zealand and then the Caymen Islands along the way here. I'd been everywhere except Singapore. And that was next on the agenda. And phone called placed, emails answered, texts texted back and webferences done I could go to lunch. Out to lunch. At any of a dozen places I like and we frequented.

They talked a little about my accident. How lucky I was. And glad nothing happened. Little did they know. I felt like someone else. The same me. Only someone from another dimension else. Not like the dream - nightmare really - had occupied me. Thought that was a possibility. But since I remembered EVERYTHING WAS A DREAM I thought it unlikely. Unsuccessful whatever they had tried to do. As if they can make mistakes like Jim made a mistake like Suzy made a mistake. Like we all make mistakes.

5.

At that same far away feeling lunch Bernard mentioned an odd message he received earlier this week. From a newly formed Department of Internal Audit of the Public Safety and Anti-Laundering section of the Department of Commercial Security. It seemed real enough though it smacked of Nigerian scam he said.

That message was that you - Me - was soon to be placed on our conditions list. Which reminded me that the next call - once I was in my office, door closed - was to the lawyer who bailed me out that one time before. Meeting. Retainer twenty-five thousand dollars up front. More to come. How much more? Depending on how slow the unbearably slow gears of justice decide to grind my guilty until proven innocent ass. Slow grinding being the right over wrong machines preferred modus operandi. Grind slow. Grind hard. Grind long. Like Suzy likes it I recall right. Gross memory - to be expunged.

Item on the agenda - email to all the above's canceling all travel. Citing health problems from recent automobile "accident". Quick. Fast reply. Waiting for the other shoe to drop - hopefully mitigated by the extremely high priced lawyer. Whose multiple talents lay in preventing shit from fan hitting, quicksand rescue and assorted dare devil acts of protection, preservation from accuser immolation. Attack me in my house, right motherfucker. Get what you got coming, motherfucker. Lawyered up with the lawyer from lawyer hell.

Though automobile crime would be a better way to put it. Reminding me to wonder why the police had never contacted me regarding the catastrophe of that Monday morning. That fucking insane gay boy dead like hamburger. Maybe because no-one knew what had happened.

Excepting witness truck driver that lunatic drove into. Describing me to responding cops as some business guy in gore staggering away from the scene of said crime. Ain't exactly a description to aide in witness number two discovery. I wondered to myself if this Jim guy's wife and kids really needed to know what an insane husband, daddy and provider this secret dick lover was in reality. Whether I really needed more police action here and now and not a Carribean vacation. If I could. Which I can't. Deciding "Fuck it!" I'll let what's his name rest in faggot peace, amen. Lies of such a good husband sugar plum dancing in probably devastated wife's head. Good hubby. Great dad. No. No need to heap gasoline on that probable family firestorm. None whatsoever.

The day goes by fast. My lawyer has touched HR, lit upon our ComSec, had a word or two or ten with his contacts. Motherfucking contacts all over the motherfucker city. The "conditions" list went away. He got notice that the next court appearance was postponed. Requested a meeting with the QC prosecutor. That meeting to be held millennia before any regular saps





appearance dates. Which stretched YEARS ahead. Another twenty five heavy. With more to come as he made these things disappear, one by one, fast as fuck, fuck as fast. Two weeks later the charges were dropped. Before that literal motherfuckers arm had even begun to heal. At least I know I still got it when it counts.

Another lawyer, family law lawyer. Another fifty thousand easy. And I'd pay hers as well. The first time visiting the kids was awkward. Strange. Happy to see them. They not knowing what had hit them. Innocents. Sweet innocence. Gut wrenching all around. And Suzy was "in therapy" I would also pay for. Nice thing about money. Makes problems go away. Almost all.

6.

The recurring nightmare had morphed into something else. The steel and aliens had transformed into what I can only describe as gas and clouds. Like anesthetics. The taste and feel of being put under - recalling the operations of childhood and the needles and gas, gas and needles. Clouds descending or rather darkness ascending. From below. From my feet numb to my ever decreasing pool of light, me, knowing. Until some unknown later the hazy awakening. Undeading. De-numbing. Puking. Dry puking. Then ice fucking cream. As is ice fucking cream would somehow make the memory of it all better. It did. It did not. It could not.

The hotel shifted to a downtown condo. No more fucking trains. No more psycho suburbans of all kinds. Psycho closeted. Psycho wife. Psycho neighbor not even trying to help me. Soon, probably, to be psycho kids, with their gymnastics and softball, hockey and team sports and year books and dances and all that full steam ahead. Psycho me living in the towers of steel and glass. Working in the towers of steel and glass. Living. Living. Barely. But living.

7.

Divorce family lawyers are a different breed. Best interest of the children. Low bars. High costs. Endless back and forths. No back doors or favours to call in. Excepting their reputations. Success. Kindness. Reasonableness. No matter how nuts their client, how heinous their past behaviour. Smiling. Reasoning. Conniving in the nicest of ways. The only good way to expedite the whole mess. Terms and conditions. Financials. Visitation. Vacations. Etcetera. etcetera, you know.

8.

Resuming my travel and business schedule. New news of a potential promotion ahead. Back and forth from tower to tower. My team now over fifty - faster and faster. Better and better. Bigger and bigger. Better fucking be. A quarter of a million dollars legal and settlement fees alone can make a hole in even the greatest salary man's pocket if I was in Japan. Which is where I fucking want to be half the time. The other half... well, what the fuck. What. The. Fuck.

9.

Sometimes I run over the events of those days. Over and over. Remembering more disturbing details. Mercifully the night terrors went away. Dissolving into sleep's general truth riot vision circus. Click, click, click, all the pieces coming together. Moving apart to welcome some new morsel, shifting for an additional piece of that incomplete mind puzzle. I still have zero recall of the moment of impact. I was evidently looking the other way. Then the question remains - how did I get home from the cop shop? But mostly it stands. Like some bizzaro monument in the upside down world that jagged in. Jagged out only after long though shard after sharp brain fragments soften, removed themselves or were detonated.

I remember like it was someone else, somewhere else, something not to do with me. The only one captured image remaining after all. A pale blue sky.

END



RED  
INDIGO

There is this idea among we human beings that space - outer space - everything around this here our Earth - is darkness. Pitch. As in black. Endless night. No light. Leaving only the sun, moon, Earth, etc. as sundry and solitary points of light, life, brightness, goodness. Oh ya, the planets. All those stars. And them galaxies too. More galaxies out there than living things down here. But wait.

It's not. Not darkness. Never was. Never has been. Never will be. For in every direction we look with our watery, feeble eyes there is light. There are worlds, suns, swirling galaxies. So no, it's we who are in the dimness, the dark. The gloom of our smallness, our tiny, fragile shells. Existing as mere sparks in the forever around us.

## MARS

In those months of transit, from back there Earth to yonder Mars, those eight people had a lot of time to contemplate. The foreverness of space. All that shit. A heap of time. See there's only so much busy work to do when everything is automated. Plenty of time. But zero room or spirit for bullshit ISS-esque experiments and zero-g make work studies. Nope. None. Every square millimeter packed with survival. Survival this, survival that. Water preeminently. Food next. See this time they weren't going for a trip. They was going to stay.

Just time. In space. In transit. A whole fucking lot of time. To gaze out the eight windows, one for each of them. To gaze out onto something they may never see again. For that is the nature of one way trips. And one way is what all of them were planning. And one way is one way, no return, no exit, no way but one way.

And suddenly they were there. In rapid orbit. Looming above. Gradually in position. The fiery, crazy descent. There.

## RED ONE

The carnage began virtually at set down, sol zero, mission accomplished, like the sign said. Mission accomplished. Only it wasn't. Far, far, fucking far from it.

An argument over specific landing and unfolding procedures ensued. Between the lead and her subordinates. They told her it was trouble. The exact spot, the precise point on a Martian map that for all of them went from abstraction to very, terribly real in the fast descent to Mars surface everyone had anticipated for so, so, so fucking long.

They were ingrained to speak. To not remain silent. To point out, no matter the social consequences. So speak they did.

But a question of meters, centimeters, millimeters? Here or there? Or there? Decisions had to be made. And make them she did. She decided. Wrongly it would turn out. But in the moment, one spot like all the others. Fuck it, we land there, and entering override, pressing that ha ha green button as some sort of relieve the tension joke, they set down.

Contingencies allowed for variations. Alterations. Decisions in situ, upon arrival. Set in stone was Earth. On this brave new world nothing was to be set in nothing, stone, regolith, stars, nothing.

We start from zero, we go to zero, we end at zero.

In fact that was embroidered into every Starsky uniform. Starsky as in Starsky and Hutch (70's TV - television - program) not as in Star and sky, a combination of the two. But that was a private joke from the now dead The Founder and He was referred to. The Founder and his fucking jokes.



One of which was being played out there, then. On that lifeless hellscape that was, is and forever will be a lifeless hell. Mars.

Almost immediately upon rollout the vessel, their habitat for the foreseeable future - forever if suddenly everything in the E2M (Earth To Mars) pipeline stopped - their home subsided at least a meter, an uneven meter average. There were calculations and adjustments built inherent to the design. But a meter was just outside nominal.

Everything, even in that diminished gravitational field, was off ever so slightly. They all blamed her. Captain Not Kirk as they openly joked.

The whole recruitment process turned out to be just another of those sly jokes The Fucking Founder - also how he referred to himself just before so uncharacteristically dying - another of those funny ha ha Easter eggs left behind for the amusement and entertainment of one and all. The Founder dropping founder dead, one lyawaska fuelled, 168 hour work weeks in a row too many. DOA. Brain aneurism. Boom! over in an instant. But that was then... recruitment for mission one still in full, ridiculous swing.

For ridiculous it was. For there was no actual process to the recruitment. The hirings, firings, promotions, demotions, sidemotions, upmotions, earthbindings and marsboundings. She - her name, Olivia, drawn from the leadership race hat of eight names. Bedpan actually. One he had recently shat into. Ha ha, hardy har har. Name drawn, make it so. Har har.

The price to pay for pure genius. The price being paid then and there on the damned surface of that damned red planet. As their home to death or for the ever until the next tranche of supplies and habitats arrived (whichever came first ha ha). As their inflatable, expandable by fifty times home sweet home slowly sank in those initial, exciting, exhausting Mars hours.

By the time they all sorta slept the mood had set. Resentment, tinged with amazement. That shit could go so bad to worse in such a brief span of their new world/time.

By sunrise the next day - they dropped all that sol shit the same moment they dropped to the surface - by their first Mars sunrise - which was admittedly beautiful. Though none would notice that or the dust storm brewing on the horizon. A brouhaha kicked up by their Mars weather apocalyptic landing, soon to sweep over One City - by weak sunshine morning.

On day one, Captain Not Kirk, had effectively lost the room. Lost the planet ha ha. Abdicated, unknowingly, her randomly drawn Mars throne, thrown to her wolves by her wolves, though none would admit it right then and there. None except Alpha man.

So. So, no one really listened when Olivia said it looked like a storm was brewing. There are no storms on Mars. Period. Unspoken end of that. From there it was literally down hill. Another few degrees of subsidence to put everyone on edge. Everyone knew it would be months, maybe years here, the way it was. And everyone was pissed.

Fifty meters in any direction. All it would have taken. Over ride. Decision. Wrong decision. All it took. Fucked. At least for now.

Plus. Plus, communications with Earth were wonky to the extreme. Great banks of static sweeping away swaths of data. Images, words, sentences, whole everythings. White noised lost out. Solar flare. Big one. Only hours later subsiding. Just as their habitat appeared to have settled into it's seemingly permanent two degree from nominal list. Fuck. Fuck the sun. Fuck Mars. Fuck fucking Captain Not Kirk. Fuck it all.

## RED TWO

Effectively Jones, Alpha Man Jones, on day one became the Yes Captain Kirk. From that point on, Yes Captain Kirk, no Captain Kirk, three bags full Captain Kirk Alpha Man from the start. Alpha Man to the finish. Shoulda Been Real Captain Kirk except for that fucking shitter sense of humour.



Jones had them humming while Olivia thought otherwise. Olivia and that was only name - their first, middle, last names having been discarded years ago. In training. In practice. In reality. Hell, if they were to be the founders here, they'd start as one words. Jones. Olivia. Ford (oh, like fuck there had to be a Ford... it was in The Founder's secret plan, find a Ford, any Ford, send a Ford to Mars, they weren't going anywhere else ha ha).

Jones. Olivia. Ford. Gulliver. Lourdes. Fleshman. Baines. Barnes. Am I missing anyone? Jones one, Olivia two, Ford three, Barnes four, Lourdes five, Fleshman six, Baines seven. Gulliver eight. Four bitches, four dawgs. Fo Ho's Fo G's. Four boy Adams, four girl Eves. Eight all white, all fit, all appropriately fucked by anywhere from four years to four minutes (in the case of Ford) of intensive training slash learning slash indoctrination slash brain washing.

Predominantly brain washing. Since everything was automated there weren't really nothing to learn, nothing to do. But wash the Earth out of your brain. For Ford it was mostly just washing. A quick shower before jumping in where anyone and literally their dog could run, go on, be a part of. Eight souls carefully chosen with no so secretly not give a fuck care what so ever. Shit in, shit out. Just to show it can be done. That random equals reason equals random. Fuck the Founder like The Founder used to say har har.

Shit, just push that white button: GO! The red: STOP. After a certain point only the green one worked. And that green one? Doesn't do a fucking thing ha ha because once beyond that certain point of no return there's no returning. Okay maybe in another life. Not this one. But since there are no other lives... well they're SOL - shit outta luck. This being an arrow pointing one way. Away. Termination terminal.

So eight castaways set sail that day on the three month tour to the rest of their lives. Only instead of a tropical isle somewhere in makebelieveland it was to here. Where things started to go even more wrong. Wrong even more.

### RED THREE

There were no storms on Mars except for that day. See it doesn't take much to disturb a few billion years of utter atmospheric stillness. And that landing, the churn, the torofuckingnado of exhaust, micro jets, Mega blasts and touchdown had unleashed a bitches brew around them. Engulfing the vessel in some sort of delayed reaction Mars dust tsunami.

One thing that wasn't predicted.

That storm didn't last long. It was enough, the unanticipated damage it caused. Enough to fuck up their comms until the second resupply. Since the first was already on it's way. That one being mostly two more habitats, food, water - no comms replacements. The most important cargo? One thousand precious litres of H2O. All they would get and, hopefully need, forever or so the plan says. So the plan says.

Until then, this was it. Wonky comms. Listing habitat. Alpha Man in de facto charge while Olivia spoke mostly to herself.

Day two saw the official change in command. Informing suddenly who gives a flying fuck what they think Earth control. Earth copying that. I mean what - alternative - countermand? LoL.

### ALPHA MAN

Day whatever - I'm losing count - and Olivia's suicide ran a bolt of electroshock through the seven remaining. She walked out. she kept walking for maybe fifty meters before collapsing. No one had seen her go, witnessed it happen. It was in the night and how she got that far was a topic of conversation as the sun meekly rose so fucking far away.



They decided it was for the best. That she had made it so far. That it was over. That they didn't have to stare at the fucking corpse except at a distance. And only if viewed at an angle from the portal none of them would use for at least a year. When further supplies would bring mission specialists as opposed to the life settlers they were.

A sorted bunch of engineers, scientists, geeks, dweebs, geeks and nerds. In various combinations thereof. Six essential Starsky recruitment factors mixed to varying degrees. All different. All the same. Dead Olivia included.

No one spoke of that again. Not a one. For creeping into the let's get on with it bravado was that ever so human creeping. The oh so mortal crawling. That perpetual friend of every creature since we parted from the elements... that rip tiding undercurrent to everything weak and impermanent and us... fear.

Fear. Alpha Man Jones blustered. Ford, Olivia's mate mourned. The rest? Got on with it. Since they knew neither Ford nor Olivia very well. One bringing the other in, both years later than the rest. Who themselves, had undergone super extensive and, ultimately unsuccessful, desensitization at the hands of The Founder and his dumb ass brainiac minion drones.

#### RED NINE

According to the records - some questions remain - it was the ninth day that the second death happened. This time accidental. Ford, dead. Slipped, fell, broke his fucking neck. How in basically fucking low fucking G? Alpha Man asked anyone, no-one, everyone. Again, no love lost. They decided to stow him in the waste lockout. Depressurizing. Ejecting. Repressurizing. He'd be out of the way mostly. Mercifully out of sight with his deceased one time paramour that Mars also took. Thank you Mars.

#### RED ONE HUNDRED

When there's not much to do, there's not much to do. There was a lot of talking. A lot of fucking. Fucking around. Soft fucking, hard fucking. Fucking around. Resupply one was still some weeks away. Besides a few essential tasks not much to do equals not much to do.

That would change.

#### CODE RED

The resupply vessel was reprogrammed to set down some kilometers away from base one. The decision made in transit by Alpha Man. Relayed to Earth. Roger-ed, copy that-ed. Another dust tsunami would do no-one much good. The further away - within reason - the better so the thought went.

Tic tic time tic tic went along as slowly on Mars as anywhere waiting for something life changing to happen. From one, listing home to two more, relegating this one to stowage, work space, rec room, not having to see that Olivia slope every fucking day place.

They watched to plume descend, watched the clouds swirl, this time no storm, nothing. Only there, in the distance, the god damned thing was. Laying on it's side. One of the landing extensions obviously crumpled. On closer visual inspection, a boulder the size of a football but shaped like a fucking spear, the cause of the landing gear failure. Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck that.

Remotely surveying the interior - no damages. Nothing amiss. Everything intact, ready to rock, ready to roll. Not one drop even of water being spilled. Only now, no fucking way to get to it. The collapse occurring on the one side of the one portal in/out. Blocked. Probably forever. Certainly until they were all dead for there were zero contingencies for any heavy lifting equipment. Zero forever or until they could fucking build them themselves. Same thing. And one ingress/egress? Another genius less is more is best move. Fucker. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fucker. Code Red being fuck we are totally fucked!

There would be another resupply. Then another and another. So it wouldn't be too long to wait. And a hasty reengineering added another hastily added hatchlet. One just big enough but not quite as good. But sufficient in a pinch. A fucking pinch is how they put it in the static-y comms back. Alpha Man snorting back pinch my ass. They all laughed.

Decision to land resupply three and four nearby wasn't difficult. The first storm declared an anomaly. Turns out right for those landings were uneventful. Except for rovers having to pass by Olivia's dead body. The first one autonomously, playing the vids from the passing. Then, every time they went back and forth. Setting up. Redistributing. Now six, now working their asses off, no time to look really. Though she and him too were there, in the background. Reminding. Gnawing. There.

Alpha Man and his woman Barnes - she who was admittedly the hottest and horniest among the survivors - were inseparable. One of the nice things about him, loyalty at least. They commandeered all of the shuttle work. Back and forth. Loading, transporting. Really seriously mission critical shit.

The four were off loaded the grunt work. No less mission critical. But vastly way less fun than booting around in that hyper cool Mars buggy transport that came on number three. The plan previously being to suit up for tipped over number two and manually move, open, restore, do shit, ugh.

Alpha Man liked to rip. Bouncing that buggy the fuck to an from the resupply vessels. As ever so slowly one, then two, then six habitats formed. Every so slowly inflating, expanding, leaving scant room for their traverses.

Alpha Man hitting the one fucking boulder in the middle of it all. Splitting the buggy full open. Spilling him and his I love you babe into a quick Martian death, their forms squirming in the distance. But only in video replay since the now only four left were to fucking busy schlepping shit to witness it live.

The buggy busted. Yes Kirk and his Ohura dead, dead, dead. Leaving five. Lourdes five his gal Fleshman six. Bitch Baines seven and her beau Gulliver eight. The deltas now ruling as all aphas and alpha wannabees have gone to doggy heaven. Though where that would be on Mars is any fucking body's guess. Up? Down? In? Out?

Since the arrival of more humans would have to wait for their preparation work to be completed. Since fixing the fucked too too long. Since another one was two missions away. Since there was no alternative except to work their asses off even more. Since.

#### **SOME MANY MORNINGS LATER**

The view out towards the burgeoning Mars station was off to Lourdes this morning. Oh fuck. One of the domes was not there. Only a pile. Leaving just four now including the lister. Fuck.

Lourdes and Fleshman made an interesting pair. Cautious as a mother fucker Lourdes drove super slow. Fleshman, her ass riveted to the seat, eyes out for a fucking pebble, sat very much shotgun. Making Baines and Gulliver laugh watching them painstakingly make their ways to and from the various domes. This time creeping towards a flattened white, lumpy disk that used to be another one. What the fuck happened becoming extremely apparent.

There, in the middle of that big fucking white tent really. A huge tear - more of an explosive gaping gash. Where something inside had gone boom, taking the whole fucking thing down thank fucking Mars we weren't inside it.

Further exploration revealed it was a generator. Batteries, wires, relays, circuits crisped to crispy crisp crisp. All melt and black and ugly colours. A flash fire, sudden explosion, boom collapse, rapid extinguishment and this. Spectacle of equipment failure.



Nothing to do in the tangle right now. Nothing to recover without also jeopardizing the leftovers. Have to wait for another day - year - epoch. along with the remains of Olivia, Ford, Jones, Barnes, the tipped over resupply one... already so much shit. So much. Too much?

#### THERE WOULD BE NO COMMANDER

Comms had re-established steady with Earth. Lourdes and Fleshman, Baines and Gulliver agreed. No more leaders. I mean there were four of them for fucks sake. Earth copied that.

Oh. And Earth informing them that human resupply missions had been scrubbed this year. The focus would be on keeping them - the four up there - working on the base. Two resupply missions added instead. Good news. Bad news. New news. News.

At that point the four didn't give a fuck if more were coming right now. They were happy. They got along. Even occupying separate domes - their respective home sweet homes. Nice even.

Ignoring the dead. Not looking at the collapsed habitat. Forgetting there would be no-one else for months and months. The work slowing, slowed. And not just because there were only four of eight left.

This was something Earth control noticed but said nothing about. Mostly because. Because what. really the fuck, could they do about it? Well. Nothing. Exhort them to work harder? Encourage them? Demand more effort? Ha ha ha.

#### ONE DAY

One day Lourdes and Fleshman, Gulliver and Baines slept in. Someone had, intentionally or unintentionally, shut off the comms the night before. It was nice. Really nice. Just to fucking sleep in - they all agreed over brunch. Nice also not to have comms on all the fucking time. I mean Mars.

They informed Earth - Jimmy really, who had replaced Elizabeth who had succeeded Misty who have taken over where original Phil had started everything - they informed Jimmy that minimally once a week they would observe radio silence. If only to take time off. Really because Jimmy bugged the shit out of them. With his motherfucking questions. Endless motherfucker questions.

Jimmy copied that. Bringing it back to the team with concerned looks all around. Planning for a takeover mission began that morning Earth time, midnight-ish Mars base time.

#### TAKEN OVER

In the year or so since The Founders untimely but ultimately predictable demise - brain popped, too much bullshit - Starsky had seen several reversals of fortune. Stock price tumbling. Direction wandering. Leaderless, rudderless, turns out fucking hopeless without the motherfucker fucking everyone at every opportunity. Hell doesn't work without satan. Satan evidently providing the fires of hell. The equation.

Beta Corp made the offer no-one could refuse with bezulbub dead and gone. Beta Corp as new owners of former StartSky promptly renamed it BetaSky. Cancelled further human resupplies to the freakingly doomed Mars colony. Offered to send a humanitarian rescue mission if governments and corps worldwide would chip in.

There would be many talkers. And no takers.

The word came one sunny Mars morning. They were just putting away brunch dishes and re-switched on the comms for the week.

Hello people. Not good news...



#### FOUR LOST SOULS

Lourdes wept - it was not nice to see Fleshman consoling her man in such disarray. Then there was nothing nice about being told "So long! Nice to know you, now you're on your fucking own on fucking Mars." Baines sat there her head in her hands. Gulliver stared out the window eyes resting on the far away, as he imaging it, mouse that was actually the very dead Olivia. Jones and Barnes being the other mice further out there.

Comms failed completely some days later. I think one of them destroyed the connection. Hopeless. Or hopeful. Or just tired. I mean what the fuck was there to comm about.

This was it. Everything there was everything they would have. Until one by one they died.

I mean it was in the contract. In the insurance. In everything they signed and agreed to. There was no wiggle room in any way. No way even for families left vastly far behind. To sue. Or litigate. Or even complain about though complain they did.

BetaSky folded a year later. Assets liquidated at fire sale prices. There would be no more talk of Mars colonies. Occasional attempts to reach out to The Mars Four as they had silently become. Lourdes one, Fleshman two, Baines three. Gulliver four.

#### THE MARS FOUR: A CAUTIONARY TALE

The limited series. Everything slightly off since it was a low budget Love Heals Production. Mixing space fact with space romance. Oh how romantic space. And oh how tragic! Romance! Tragedy! Emmy!

The series end? That last transmission redubbed now in seventeen languages (and counting!). PG leaving out the "Fuck you too!" part. Everything else dutifully repeated. Line for bitter sweet line.

Gunning for a tearful daytime Emmy I hear. Though I hear it's never gonna to happen. Probably because recent Mars orbiter satellite observations show no signs of activity, no traces of heat or motion in the former colony site. And only a few years later. Dome three and four deflated. All presumed deceased. Not quite real time ending leading to award winning glory. No. Not at all.

#### MARS

So. You wanna go to Mars? Think again stupid. Think fucking again stupid motherfuckers.

END





## In Them There Hills

1. "Why!? Why! You crazy!?" The old man looked up into the sky, high above them. "'Cause there's GOLD in them there hills!" He shouted with a Santa glint in his eye and a Manson manic laugh he scuttered off shouting... "And I'm a gonna find it... 'er dry tying. Sure as shit on a hot summer day 'tracts flies!" Voice trailing off into the wind.

Though it was minus thirty five and winter and midnight and the sun hadn't quite set yet. Never would really 'til at least six days later. Just dip'n rise, dip'n rise again. For it was the Klondike after all. And an old man insanely disappearing into the wilderness white? Not an unusual sight at all.

Same as frozen bodies emerging from the drifts inch by inch in the spring still distant was not a sight unseen. When snow flurries would be suddenly replaced with clouds of... mosquitoes, black flies, deer flies and other dread biters and skin burrowers. No. There were many strange things to see, interspersed with the endless Klondike silence of the wild. The endless silence of the Yukon wild. Very, very unusually usual.

Still, quite the contrary thought Wilbur. Wilbur thinking how strange it was alone in that same wilderness. Wilbur didn't quite believe it yet. Not at all really. Though he kept saying to himself and the sled dog that disappeared some days ago into the non-night. Kept discussing how normal had not really changed with a dog that wasn't there anymore, if Buck the sled dog was ever there at all. Believing disbelief. Disbelieving belief.

Just as when Wilbur Montgomery Williams announced one day one and a half (and a million) years ago. That, disbelief/belief all around, he was gold rush bound. Leaving behind Maude his wife of ten years and three children. Ruth 4, Billy junior 3 and Madeline almost one. Having sold his successful haberdashery days before. With a flourish producing a furry wolverine skin cap at the dining room table. Maude fainting just in time for Gloria, their Irish scullery maid, to swear a quiet "Fuck!" and catch Maude's slumping femininity from dropping into the beet soup. Awakening in a fury of "What are you thinking Wilbur!" And "Are you really thinking right!"s. Though the whole household hear it only Gloria witnessed the scene there in the dining room at the happy, comfortable not wealthy but by no means poor Parkdale village household. With it's Wisteria and neat hedging, side rose garden and treed, picket fenced back yard.

Wilbur then and there said quite firmly that he would triple their family fortune "If not more!". And upon return the family would move into the grandest house in town. Which sat, unsold for some years now, some several blocks over from their current modest abode. A move up Maude had long yearned for. One she had hoped would be a result of all those hats sold... not some insane venture into... into... what? The Yukon??? Where? What? No! Inconceivable!

"Yukon? What in fucking Christ is that!" Gloria whispered as she went back to the kitchen. Yukon indeed!

2.

As the weeks unwound towards Wilbur's departure the unreal reality of it all did not sink in. Maude, his loving wife, refused to accept that Wilbur, her loving husband, would shortly be gone. Probably never to come back from all the reports. Reports of black toes and missing noses. Grizzly bears and cannibalism. Yes, Maude had read everything about it. As much as Wilbur ironically. And remarkably with quite the opposite conclusion, though they agreed also remarkably on most other things in life and between them. This the Yukon thing sole, great and looming exception.

Where Wilbur evidently saw great vistas of opportunity, Maude. Well, Maude. Maude did not. Decidedly not. The opposite of vistas of great opportunity. A huge, nightmare landscape of horrific dimensions. Representing everything, yes everything she sought civilization and prosperity to place between she, her children and husband. Which same husband would soon be adventuring into. Like two alternate universes existing in the same bed.



Really, truthfully, it was too much for Maude to comprehend. Way too much. Really, truthfully it was too much for Wilbur also. Even though he planned and plotted and purchased with the assistance of Toronto's finest outfitters. Hiring indisputably the best guide and adventurer of his era to lead him hence (more of him later). No, both Maude and Wilbur were in over their heads. Only one knew it and the other didn't. It being a matter of controversy whom was whom.

Captain Benjamin McMurtry. Yes the one and same whom northernmost Fort McMurtry was named after. Captain "Wild Ben" McMurtry would bring Wilbur to the the vast North West. Through sinuous rivertine highways and rocky or boggy or cliff hugging portages Wild Ben sketched with craggy hands on the maps rolled out on the family Parkdale dining room table.

Maude grew to despise McMurtry as Wilbur's admiration expanded. For McMurtry would take her husband, father of her children, home protector and sustainer, away from them. And vice versa. And, though she would be well provided for, likely for life if the fool would never return, her sense and sensibility were both injured in the extreme. Though she slept with Wilbur. Though they shared their intimacies as before, as always. Though she loved him as herself, as she did vow at their well apportioned and attended nuptial ceremonies.

There regardless opened a gulf between them. A great and increasing gulf. Sketched by those gnarled McMurtry paws... a yawning chasm labeled "YUKON" on the maps. Which McMurtry, the others brought or bought into her husband's insanity, all the increasing mountain of supplies and necessities heaping in the stables and now dining room and now salon came to also represent. YUKON all, equally despised as mysterious.

Wilbur on the other hand seemed only to be drawn deeper and greater into this mysterious and, to him, otherways daunting YUKON. With each step pulled further away. So even in his dreams he was on the way. And, though he had read all the accounts, books and journalistic reports he could lay his now neigh feverish hands upon YUKON only grew in his imaginings, thoughts and, yea, even dreams.

Though they shared the same bed, he and Maude, there was really another bedmate on both sides of their sleepings. YUKON. And yet two very different entities did this YUKON inhabit in each of their nocturnal wanderings. Each partner likely to awaken mid-nights with starkly contrasting visions still fresh in their respective husband's or wife's minds eyes.

It is said that the test of a marriage is crisis and it's resolution. Well, perhaps. In this case the test of this marriage would be a wolverine or pack of wolves or avalanche or some such dread. And children half orphaned, or Mater forlorn or all abandoned by their madly adventurous Pater. But there was no talking to Wilbur or Maude. No convincing one or the other. They were very much in love, yes with one another. Even after all these years and all those children (for they had lost another two, one in childbirth and the other in the great sickness two years before). They were a couple remarkable among their peers. In that they were in love, respected the spirit and letter of their vows, and seemed genuinely and completely devoted and dedicated to one another. And yet loved and hated one thing with equally and opposite passion. The one thing that would now go between them in one day forward. This damned, blessed, cursed, golden, repelling, compelling, hated, beloved YUKON.

And then it was the day.

Eight mule carts all packed with canoes on top. The children, Maude, the entire, disbelieving neighbourhood in an excited early springtide tizzy. Almost a holiday really though it was a Monday, a work day, all men unpresent save for the elderly and the indigent. Who gaped at the spectacle, powdered among the children and mothers and nannies and maids and houseboys. The gardeners and coalmen and various delivery carts and all paused. All momentarily stopped. All gawking at the bizarre, ripped out of adventure books sight of a mule train setting off down placid West Lodge Avenue. A troupe of older boys and girls chasing the cavalcade down Queen Street. Trailing off as the procession approached Toronto proper towards Yonge street and the road South to the harbour. Where a lakeship would take them as far as Niagara. And further conveyances through Huron and thereafter Superior Lakehead. Where arguably



the adventure would really begin. But that was in the future. And today all Maude could do was kiss Wilbur and weep. And he the same. And embrace, as a family, the children, mother and father. The mules restless. One braying like it was world's end. Another asleep though none noticed a sleeping mule on that summerlike spring day in bucolic Parkdale.

In fact the Great Lake portion of the trip passed swiftly and uneventfully. If having half the supplies swept overboard during a Lake Superior storm and one drowned seaman were not events. Presaging, perhaps, even greater hardships ahead. There the company stood. At the end of the greatest fresh body sea known to the world. At the beginning of the great wild void that is known by many names. Most of them Legion... Wilbur, McMurtry, a score of indigenous, Metis and sundry other voyageurs hired on the spot to convey them to the beyond. And Klondike! Yukon!

END



AKIKO was happy. Very happy living in Vancouver. Canada so different. So far, far away from Japan. "Across an ocean and a million dreams" as she put it more than once.

See, I never actually met Akiko. I've been through her condo. Her locker. Her books and letters, bank accounts, financial, tax and cellular records. I know what clothes she wore and her lingerie. Tore apart her bed and everything else. I know the car shares she drove on errands, the trips to Whistler, her boyfriends over the last number of years. Just about everything.

Except where she disappeared to. I even know, or think I know, how she vanished. I know all this without ever having ever met or known Akiko Takashi.

Oh you might think that I am some sort of stalker or perverse voyeur. One rude, crude cyber hacker or some a super snoopy neighbour freak. Maybe even you imagine I am her brother or father or uncle even. And I am none of the above.

My name is Someone – pronounced Som-E-oh-nee okay. I am Chief Detective of the Homicide Investigations Division, International at CSIS. My colleagues started calling it the Joy Division so that's what we are known by. Especially odd since we are tasked with usually the most difficult murder or suspected murder investigations. Across sometimes multiple national jurisdictions. Ones that end up with joy for no one only sorrow upon sorrow, villainy over innocence except when they're all villains. And then maybe and only then there might be rough justice. Which is not the case in this case. The mysterious matter of the disappearance of Akiko Takashi.

Akiko missed little or nothing about Japan if she were to tell you the the complete and utter truth. She wouldn't. Or couldn't. Or shouldn't. Held by the same deep, thousands of years standing bonds and bondage of her upbringing. A well raised Japanese woman. If she were to have spoken her mind – impossible – but if it happened, Akiko Takashi would have said she fucking hated Japan. Pre, during and especially post Fukushima. With all that horrific video death all around her. The vast no go zones on the edges of her once boundless Tokyo imagination. Stained now by death, devastation, destruction and the eternal poisoning of her dreamlands.

She knew, hell, everyone knew, that the thirty five thousand people lost was actually one hundred thousand. Or more. Mostly children, babies, women, the elders, the handicapped or infirmed. The men ran, survived. The rest perished.

And she knew, as all Japan does. The fact that lethal poison continues to hemorrhage from that doomed power plant into the oceans and sky and bodies of one and all. Only no Japanese in or out of the homeland was, is and will ever be able to speak this truth. It is just impossible without destroying Japan entirely.

Akiko could not sleep one night without waking from some nuclear inspired nightmare. Being washed out to glowing radioactive sea. Drowning amid the flailing arms and floating corpses. Swimming hopelessly towards a receding shore among the trucks and boats, chickens and barrels, shipping containers and temples, homes and detritus. With the dead babies, dead boys and girls, dead granmas and grandpas. Every harmless one and everything in the tsunami's deadly liquid path.

Everything in gieger counter day glow madness. Hiroshima and Nagasaki times a million only now, also on TV. On the Internet. As the real horror backdrop to every Japanese life. Inescapable because not only was it everywhere "it" was \*in\* everything.

Akiko, no longer able to function beyond work, restless sleep, eat. Work, sleepless night, eat, work. Work, black hell sleep, eat, work... determined to leave as soon as she could. After the fallout from that disastrous eleventh of day of March in the European year of two thousand and eleven altered her life, and the lives of a hundred million Japanese forever.



In the seven years she had been out – after one year of fierce and frightful preparations – she could only be happy. And suffered not one nightmare since setting foot in this strange continent and country across the Pacific. Beyond but the cursory reach of that isotopic catastrophe.

I know all this. I know all this and more. Because I also read all her diaries, written in English. So her meddling parents, who refused to learn the devil language and could not understand her most intimate confessions to self alone. And me. And me. But I know. So that maybe, perhaps I can find out what happened to Akiko. If not for her now dead parents or distant relatives who really do not give two shits – I called. I know. For me. For her. For Akiko.

Akiko was the girl who could do anything. Her marks in the hyper competitive Tokyo school system were in the top percentile of the top percentile. In her qualifying exams she achieved results that guaranteed her the true option of any program or course of studies in any institution of higher learning of her choice. And she choose wisely. For she knew it would be her ticket away. Even before the Daiichi nightmare it was her intention to “live the modern life of a modern woman”. Not to be held to the “...traditional Japanese pussy (sic) box lol. No way!”

Her field: computer science, programming, algorithms. Graduate studies in artificial intelligence. Pioneering papers. Post Doctorate. Ensuring. All. Doors. Open. Even those traditionally and permanently closed if not by law by practice to women. And not only in Japan.

Then the earthquake. knocking her down to the heaving, thundering ground in the street. As traffic careened to a chaotic halt. The start of what seemed to be a continuous darkness. Unending. The blackest jet black. Grim, lightless - no matter how bright the day or clear the night. A uniform dive to the Marianas trench of living that did not really end until flight AC4 one year from the cataclysm. When the Air Canada whisperjet broke the darkness, never to return. Not as long as she was here. In Canada.

Five years had passed. Akiko, whose english was now perfect, whose career was soaring, whose charm and not quite beauty but poise and strength had propelled her to rapid, stratospheric advancement. Three hops to CTO of one of the hipper unicorns in the low rise hipsterdom of Vancouver's Mount Pleasant. Where once grimy autobody shops vied with slaughterhouses and belching factories. Now an endless possibility of startups and sharp dressers. All wannabe unicorns. Her posh condo overlooking the real two dudes chilling park (not that other one with the bullshit sign and all).

Akiko could see both skyline mountains and sunny south from both home and office. The eternal rains a blessing for it offered the deeply moody scapes her soul craved amidst the numbers and protocols, complications and simplicities that filled her high flying career life.

Oh, there were meetings and many comings and goings. Deep, delving signal conferences for her rather top secret development efforts. For which she was given no orders or rules, hours or regulations. Simply told: “Go Akiko, go!” And go she did. With a team of six – now eight – then twelve.

Her Bro reports and colleagues in Seattle, Cupertino, NYC would be Bro's. Full of their bro bullshit of which she was fully, completely aware. You do not extract yourself from the “Nippon cunt mummification factory” without bringing with you an intense awareness of all things misogynistic. And yet, amazingly, not once did they bullshit bro her. Not a one time. It might have to do with the corollary fact that she would kick shit out of their bearded asses. See her other pillar of strength, her second refuge to learning, was Jujutsu. Which for most of her life consumed every other moment of spare time. Up to and including her Vancouver sojourn.

And sojourn it was. Released from the omnipresent Nippon. Akiko, Kiko lived what she herself described as a blessed life.

And into that blessed life came volunteering. First at a shelter, encouraged by a co-worker. A sensible, sensitive Estonian woman coder who would go once a week to a woman's residence



off East Hastings. To serve the victims and addicts, the babblers and screamers and furious. The washed up remains of million dollar houses and torn down dreams.

It was not to Akiko's liking. Smelly. Prone to infectious diseases. Sometimes violent towards her – though fully capable – did not like it nevertheless. No. The homeless shelter was not for her. Too much chaos. Too much "Fukushimalikeshit". Respectfully Akiko declined the next and subsequent days there. And sought out another venue for her one evening of giving back.

And she found it in SON KEI. Only it was one day a month. She was just far too much busier than her friend. And much less willing or able to put up with mayhem. SON KEI gave her just the right amount of giving. With not much drama beyond the usual in any non-profit, mostly volunteer organization. With three paid full time employees and one Director SON KEI was just fine for Akiko. More so.

SON KEI was a funny place. Set up in the post war 20th century by a group of wealthy Nikkei it was intended to serve the survivors of the many Japanese internment camps of WWII. World War Two – the heroes war. Only those heroes did not include Japanese Canadians. They rounded them up and shipped them off to internment camps in the interior of British Columbia. Where, behind electric fences and reams of barb wire, the toiled as slave labour for the duration of the moral war. Their businesses and homes, investments, saving and worldly possessions auctioned off for pennies on the dollar. Or simply stolen out right. Oh glorious war these were among your many millions of innocent victims. Ground beneath the racial logic of simpler, stupider, brutal times.

Yet some rebounded. Yet some Nikkei Kanadajin became wealthy again. Despite all the odd and slant bashing and yellow shaming. See the whites in British Columbia hate everyone and everything not white. That's the way it is. Now they escape to North Vancouver and (appropriately) White Rock. But the yellows, the jap yellows and then the chink yellows and more came back. More and more. And some of the Japs made it big and made it small. And SON KEI was their fuck you even if it means RESPECT. A fully, independently funded organization to ensure:

1. That those who were persecuted would never suffer so long as they lived.
2. That their memory be preserved
3. So it never fucking happens to any Issei, Nisei, Sansei, Yonsei, Gosei or beyond – again. That every generation of Japanese descent would not be imprisoned and enslaved ever again.

SON KEI appealed to precisely her freed slave soul. And for her one day a month she used all of her super powers to the good of what was truthfully a pretty dowdy operation. That is before she visited her many and subtle skills and abilities upon it.

Gone the filing cabinets and yellowing crumbling paper piles. Vanquished the ten year old, crashy, creaky database half of which was junk, the other one or two or more years out of date. In the past the ledgers and heaps of invoices and receipts, cancelled checks – and not a few actual donation checks. One numbering six figures, found in the piles. And, miraculously, honoured by the bank after a solicitous conversation with – you guessed it. Akiko!

Akiko, she could proudly say – and only to herself – turned SON KEI around. But as much as AKIKO did it was also their director who had awoken with the arrival of miracle Kiko as he called her. Awoken from his own slumbers, his own internal adventures and private passtimes. To turn to SON KEI again, after maybe a decade of somnambulance. Asleep at the wheel – minus the wheel – he likes to joke. For Maruki Hurakami had a sense of humour. A great deal of energy. Plus a sense of inherent right and wrong. All of which, with the windfall of Akiko's arrival at his organizational doorstep, had sprung to life again. Reinvigorating this SON KEI missionary zeal. Especially the "Never Again" part of that mission.

Maruki Hurakami was and maybe still is a curious, odd and sometimes even cantankerous bird. Ten years older than me, twenty five years older than Akiko, at 69 Maruki - was also leg-



end. A brilliant physicist that somehow went wrong but made it big any ways. Traveling down Einstein's "God doesn't roll dice" dead end theorizing while all around him went "randomly shit quantum insane". Who nonetheless invented some pretty great industrial, technological shit. The royalties of which made him in all estimation a billionaire. Most of which he had given away up to the point when he bought SON KEI. With a hundred million dollar endowment and one condition. Which was, of course, immediately accepted. Since the previous director was basically inept. And also a great friend and fan of the even greater Maru (as he was known to friend and foe alike. Though in the last twenty years here in Canada there were very few foes. Except his old physics nemeses – most of whom where dead any ways. Their know when to hold 'em Quanta apostles foldin'em on has been Mura aeons ago).

Maru was no idiot. A strange kind of genius though. Once said he dreamed of his own Nobel prize for real scientific accomplishment. Then dreamed of nothing but giving it all away which he done did. By all accounts I could access he held on to only a few tens of millions of dollars mostly. Socked away here and there globally. Most of it in his also new homeland Canada.

Maru and Akiko made an interesting team. She there but once a month, a dynamo for eight hours. The languid Maru inhabiting SON KEI like the gods of yore. Their tree. Their snow capped mountain. Their bottomless well. His SON KEI. His three attending secretaries - Maru took to calling them "the dragon lady bitches" in english much to Kiko's amusement – like his virginal devotees to the sacred cause they shared. They, Kiko, the dozen or so other volunteers, the hundred or so increasingly old, infirm and dead survivors of interment. And tens of thousands of Japanese descendants and supporters in Japan itself. Their mission – their cause – their occupying, breathing life into and emboldening SON KEI again.

Hell the Canadian government has apologized more times to SON KEIN inspired pressure than memory can count. Unleashing torrents of crocodile tears and sliver thin remorse. It was enough. Enough, but not enough. It would not happen again and so Kiko and Maru conspired. Conspired to ensure that this would be so.

Well, it was during that time of beneficent conspiracy that Kiko learned more and more about the curious life of the great Doctor Hurikami. The one who went off the Quantum rail guns into Albert's General theory oblivion. And turned a brilliant youth in Physics into a minor empire. An empire based on static mostly. Static organized as Maru liked to joke about his computer generated business world. Patents and protocols, inventions leading to obscure but very necessary devices or bits of devices. One upon the other. A million here, ten million there, hundred million or more to follow. Like a river laying down silt creates a rich isthmus where they, the little people, settle. Little people in this instance being Hurakami. And those few he let into his very real imaginary world.

The thing about Hurakami is this. While he is generally loved and liked by those around him. He almost certainly despises himself to an almost suicidal degree. Odd really. Really odd for a really nice fellow. Then again nothing about Maruki Hurakami \*wasn't\* really odd really. And that oddness he shared with Akiko. Though Akiko Takashi, who was truly odd in her own, unique way, did not share that strange self loathing. No. She was the picture, the image of balance in that regard. Though that provided neither example nor relief from the elders seemingly terminal condition of me hate.

Kiko. Maru. Akiko. Maruki. Takashi. Hurakami. Together, like daughter and grandpa, rather self-full Director and almost selfless volunteer. A strange pair indeed. Stranger still was the evidence I uncovered after moths – nearly a year of investigation. Right away dirty minds in a filthy worked turn to filthy dirty thoughts. Recall that I am a detective of murder. And that so called vice departments went the way of the dodo. Or the passenger pigeon if you have no real clue what a dodo is (or isn't). Or beta or the iPhone 5 or the Mp3 player or Facebook (if you are the forward looking type – which I am).

In the modern age of industrial human trafficking. Where any human being of any variety is buyable and sellable for a basic song. In a world where perversity, death and devastation are not just happening but traded commodities. In that era I could care less who diddles who.



Unless it assists me in the task of finding out who killed who and (maybe) why (dodo). There is no such evidence whatsoever here. None. Period. Full stop.

Whatever happened to Akiko happened without much visible melodrama and no romance. Far more speculative and science fiction. A world of sub atomic particles, multiple dimensions, infinite possibilities. That lay in the grasp and the imagination of perhaps only one human being on this faltering Earth. And you know who that is. What you do not know and, in the beginning, I did not know was the answer to all the other mystery solution questions I will not bore you with. Instead offering this story to \*perhaps\* explain her disappearance. \*Perhaps\* because in the realm of high flying imagination and, especially, physics anything and everything is equally possible and impossible. Just like in the best stories around the best campfires – those in our own riotous consciousnesses.

Maruki Hurakami first came to fame (of a type) as a mathematical prodigy child. Multiplication table at two – algebra four, calculus and beyond before most children get spelling. In university before the onset of puberty and postgrad at Einstein himself's Institute for Advanced Studies at 16. Tenure at Harvard by 22. Out of the game entirely at the ripe old age of 29. For the reasons previously described. Whereupon this Maruki Hurakami returned to Japan with just enough money to begin his technoindustrial second empire. The first being largely blown up in the sky of mad dog physicists and their bitch crazy infighting. When, basically, everything Maru did was "basic fucking gold" as on of the rabid hounds put it. No matter. Out you go smarty pants – was the general attitude. And out, out he went. Into the very deepest wilderness of Japanese electronic and soon to be digital commerce.

And it is in that "basic fucking gold" where I lodged myself for some months. Being given the grace of time by a sudden upswelling in public interest in the disappearance of Akiko Takashi.

Centred around the meteoric IPO of her then current start-up. Which hit unicorn status and beyond virtually immediately. And has since climbed into multiple, heck even a herd of unicorns status. Fuelled by the sinuous and subtle algorithms, the infinitely sparse and phenomenally economical code and the quiet, powerful inspiration of the now mythical Kiko. Gone but hell no! not forgotten. Well not until that mega unicorn goes the way of all the others. Until then – or until they pull the plug on me for some other cause i-celeb - I have freedom. Complete freedom. So I wandered the world of "Advanced" physics. And this is what I found...

Anything and everything is possible. Probable indeed, in an infinite universe of infinite universes. If not "here", else "where" - even if there is not here or there in that world. Our world. But equally nothing like what we schmuck low thinkers believe to be real, reality or anything resembling anything we know, love or imagine to be here or now. Or anywhere. Or anything. A "fucked" world as my physics teacher friend put it. And Akiko?

The secret lay in something that was no longer there when I arrived. It was the third floor of the SON KEI building. The one no-one except Maru and - I discovered - Kiko accessed. What were presumed to be his living quarters. What turned out to be something else. But, like I said, while everything before this point if real, fact or close to - after is speculation.

I believe it was some form of laboratory. By the evidence. The floor markings, power setup, infrastructural signs - classic lab setup. A physics lab. A mad scientist's lab in all probability - excuse the pun - unintended. As well as piecing together what the three witches could provide.

She went there. And then she wasn't seen again. Maru passing away some days later. After having cleared out that floor in the night. I am trying to track that down but my superiors have other ideas on how I am to spend my time.

Kiko's last diary entry reads as follows "She would have told you the only thing she missed was the food. Not all the food, everywhere. Not certainly her mother's food, oh no! But the food. And going back was all she (I lol!) could think of!"





"The Kennedys are such... SQUARES".

The new anti-president mimed the word, making a four equal sided shape in the air with his bejewelled pinky finger. Conveying meaning to the gathered in his own loving, hippy dippy, dorky, Richie way. Richie Richard Millie Millhouse Pixie Nixon... the coolest, grooviest, hippest non leader of the great creator's amazing and about to be freed world! There in person. Me standing there, waiting to do the most incredible, hard to get, interview on Turtle Island.

Richie's entourage silent clapped... Vishnu, who was fitting him in yet another of his signature Nixon suits, was a blur of pins and fabric. The Nixon suit sort of a tripping part Nehru suit, part renaissance, part out of this world creation - only "groooooovier" than words can tell. This particular one passion purple, shocking green, electric blue and, as always, paisley PINK velvet, silk, fur (fake!).

Richie already spectacular in billowing pink bell bottoms, fat peasant sleeves forever, butterfly huge swallowtail collars. And tassels. Lots of tassels. With bells, more bells. Plus a whistle on a silk rope - also as always. Richie Nixon loves bells. Bells, tassels \_ and whistles!

"With those blockheads" He continued on one of his favourite subjects - the square head cult of Kennedy - "everything buttoned up, down and all around. Great kids - thank goodness. But cubical. Cu-bi-cal."

Little pixie Trish giggled, adjusting her cascading love beads, flipping her long, long fairy princess hair. Adjusting a pink mini-mini. The Ashram murmured in subdued laughter. As their India Indian Guru and hand tailor Vishnu Positive Eternal Globe Smith Bill made his last, groovy suit adjustment. Richard "Richie" Nixon looked... GROOOVY!

"Thank you baby! I love you!" Richie breathlessly chanted, kissing Vishnu once on each cheek like it was one of his Nixon for Anti-Commander in Chief commercials of the last 1968 election.

Everyone gathered and all around shouted "Groovy!" snapping their fingers together in praise of the groovy threads and Vishnu's namaste.

Because. Because they loved "Richie" Richard Milhouse Nixon 'almost better than Krishna' like the tee shirts read. Because one and all and almost everyone would do almost anything for Loving Him, RMN, RiMiNi, Richie, Non-Prez Love, etc. Like the other tee shirts.

All except and of course those insane Kennedy Democrat-zis. Who perpetually plotted and planned His Beloved's destruction at every one of their twisted alternative universe machination turns. How they could be so against this new Nixonian era of Total Love and Universal Peace was unknown and unknowable. I mean they were good kids weren't they?

Pixie Nixie said "Give the negativity love and the negativity will blossom into many groovy positivity flowers!" and the believers believed him.



But some feared, quietly and quite rightfully. That it would turn out, that the old right (or left, or whatever – but old), that the old would not go away under this spell of Dick Love (another tee!).

But that was another day. Today the snapping and shouts of “Groovy!” and hugs, hugs and lots of hugs cascaded through the furnitureless once oval office. Circular mandelic hand woven rugs in a dozen psychedelic hues covering the icy probably marble floors. Five hundred kaleidoscopic colored pillows heaped about for Rich and Tricia’s Pink House Ashram to relax, meditate, love, kiss, read poetry to one another, embrace and hug upon. Someone played a guitar. Two long haired Stanford lesbians tapped their tambourines while a group of “proud to be fag” fags danced in a circle.

No matter. Nothing mattered. In that magical summer of 1968. A season for bridging over every troubled waters. Uniting the nation and all nations and all generations. Healing all wounded knees. “Purifying the consciousnesses and relative realities of every blessed everyone!” as Nixon put it so mind blowingly.

Nixon kissed anyone who held their arms “Open Jesus!”, one smooch on each cheek. Telling everyone, saying over and over again “I love you, you are perfect! I love you, you are perfect!” with that smile everyone described as beautiful, at peace, calm and calming.

Except that pesky Kennedy clan. Who called him in that snobby Massachusetts way, in-sane, horrifffic, mawkish, a fake, faker, fakir, apostate (whatver that means!) and more. But Richie just smiled and hugged and kissed on!

How, how, HOW, Richard Millhouse Nixon had transformed first himself and then the nation and – arguably – the universe, is a curious story of serendipitous choices, chance and apparently predestined circumstances.

It involved a fourth of July Republican chicken barbecue. In Delaware no less, a heap o’ particularly wild and indeterminant molecular variation of peyote plus a bowl fruit punch. Which the then Tricky Dicky and his once uptight Miss Trish as they were known consumed parts thereof. All together with some of the most once evil mofos on the planet. Because one day he and his freaking crew were out jerking that insufferable jerk law guy Cohn. Revelling in hatred, bile, deceit, avarice and plain simple, evil, black not niceness. And the next day... it was not.

“I’m feeling GROOOVY!” with four ‘o’s were his first words when he woke up the next morning. He and Trish made love like never before. And he bounded down from his cold lair telling anyone who would listen: “Done changed man!” Like his grooovyness’s campaign song and slogan. Everyone singing along with his Ravi Shankar campaign sitar band accompaniment everywhere he, you, me, we, anyone, anywhere, anytime went! La-la, la la la-la... la la la la-la-la...

And just think of the convulsions in Kennedy Campaign HQ when Nixon’s Eternal Bodhisatvic Ashram of Love Light Giggles And Hugs – NEBALLGAH! – won! NEBALLGAH pronounced, Nixonially, quixotically and hilariously like the word ‘Nebulla’. Just to piss off the fleet of grammarians the Kennedy cabal was rumoured to have on their nefarious and now unemployed campaign staff. NEBALLGAH-Nebulla as their goal and one of two election promises.



Founded after that BBQ. Nixon dumping all that greasy hair and stuffy suit and pinchy, pointy shoe nonsense in a pile. And then setting it ablaze with fireworks in the sky to celebrate his and Love-merica's liberation! Richie dancing in celebration. Dancing. To say America was shocked... well you tell me.

That first day of days culminating in The Great Group Hug of the new age. Some saying this being the real true and one start of the endless summers of love now in full swinging swing!

"How, how, HOW this all did happen and come to pass is a groovy question that which will forever remain unanswered..." is how Richie put it at his uninauguration swearing in and then out. Before kissing the surprised Kennedy appointed Supreme Court justice on each cheek. Before The Beach Boys, now the NonNational UnBand broke into a two hour free style of 'Good Vibrations' (now our groovy UnAmerican Anthem-not).

Day and night zero in office spent with his groovy non-administration painting the White House PINK. Fulfilling RiMiNi's second and other sort of campaign total promise. To paint the white house pink! Not Secretary of Statelessness Joplin Janice being the first to start that epic pink paint fight that marked moonrise over the now Pink House in New Washing.

Yes New Washing. Washington minus the TON of history like Richie likes to joke. The name 'New Washing' being one of the things that sent the Squarehead Kennedys into fits.

No matter. With all branches of the love tree of government under the Nixon spell of Love Peace and Eternal Truth they could spit and scream and holler all they liked. The times they were a changin... like it Kennedys or not. An overwhelming majority of freaks and hippies in the house senate and most states. The times done changed!

And the Pink (former White) House \*never\* looked better. The entire contents were shipped by Tricia and Richie to the Smithsonian Institute right after the night of the pink paint party. And in came the psychedelic carpets, velvet curtains, pillows and wild Mod furniture. Filled with Pop Op Art and the brand new Pink Realist Movement canvases and sculptures. All Gods and angels, nudes and fantastic creatures and colours and geometric shapes and incredible landscapes. "New wine... never mind the vessel!" according to Secretary of Art Warhol. Plucked from the warehouses of NYC to restore art to it's central place in Nixon's "not really administration".

And then Pixie Nixie... Richard Millhouse Nixon and his beloved Trishy - in Dallas on his nonaugural LOVE IN LOVE OUT LOVE TOUR: assassinated. By a single bullet shot. In Daly plaza. On that fateful day when UTOPIA ended.

Hard to believe. The America of the K-clan reasserted itself with savagery: Humming, thrumming, thumping and throbbing again. Industries once "permanently" shuttered by Nixon's Super EPA sprang back to sky darkening, steam choking, eye stinging, lung clogging life. Only bigger, better, faster, more. The Kennedys rising over the restored American Democratic worldwide empire. Heaven help any hippy communist Nixon day dreamers, subversives and degenerates, thank you God and Jesus Christ, amen!



Jack and Jacqueline publicly calling it the “shameful nightmare America only now and slowly recovering from. While dozens of well dressed little Kennedys played in front of the Lincoln room fireplace. One banging a little soldiers drum with what looked like a Nixon doll. Dressed in a purple suit and flower tie. But no - it was a Jack Ken doll – but that’s not what everyone thought. Because to say so was increasingly dangerous in the new old America. Where FBI and CIA and the Kennedys and Kennedy-ites ruled supreme. The memory of those gay, flower power, free love hugging halcyon Nixon days gone by.

The last forgotten relic of that insane shadow time now erased from the history books if not history (the minds and hearts of the lost, love, peace and harmony). That relic being the Happy Happy Happy Everyday Act. Referencing the need for every day to first and foremost be happy, happy, happy. Which languishes to thus day forgotten in the Linen Law Books.

And... ever since ‘The Rattles’ busted up, mercifully propelling The Serenading Four into respective second careers in Plastics (John plus Yoko), Big Oil (George), Funeral Homes & Crematoriums (obviously Paul) and Suppositories and haemorrhoid creams (you guessed it!). They all crediting the Kennedys for the amazing development for their Military Industrial Complex Incorporated everyone loved more than life itself, Eisenhower, Nixon, love, life be damned.

END



## Another Sunset Clause Over Earth Seven

The search for planets similar to our own home world led to the furthest reaches of the near galaxies. Which represented the outer limits of our technology as well as the furthest boundaries of the dominions demarked by those alien civilizations nearest and fantastically maddeningly superior to us. We were incapable of going further than they would realistically let us. A fortunate peace by default if you will. Fortunately because it appears to be the only kind of peace humans really seem to understand. Otherwise it would have been a bloody mess in the great out there as it was once down here. With us providing all of the blood alas.

And, like war they just didn't make it's opposite like they used to anymore. Once upon a time at the dawn of this really great space age, just like in the movies a super big space ship pulled up over the Earth. A little ship materialized out of the big ship and came down right in the middle of a world cup football game between seven time defending champions Cameroon and the perineal German underdogs.

Cameroon as usual was leading three nil. From out the little ship stepped a little green prototypical alien being. He/she/it handed the President of Earth something odd. Waved around to great applause, got back in his/her/it's little ship and zipped off without so much as a dinner, delegation, reception, treaty signing or you're welcome. It took several years to decode the odd thing. And the long and the short of it, the near and the far of it was here's your corner of the sandbox. You can basically do as you like because there's not much to harm here and you can't do go any further because outside it's ours. Or else. Minus the or else part. Probably because they fully realized Earthings would never step further than they now could. No matter how hard they thought,

Big and little, small and tall, private, religious and commercial, sponsored and state funded space ships had already crossed and criss-crossed all over everywhere. It was hard to keep up with the adventures and adventurers. Of course it was a little ho-hum that peopled expeditions were as yet impossible and probably forever impossible. For they were all unmanned, unwomaned, unchildrened, unplanted, undogged, uncatted and so on expeditions. Due to a curious number of things notably a lethal band of mysterious radiation surrounding the entire freaking solar system. Radiation which instantly fried any Earth type life unfortunate enough to pass through it awake, asleep. encased in lead, conscious, unconscious, nude or clothed, bound or unbound no matter what or how we tried. Fried.

We were stuck. Bound to the increasingly crowded thirteen planets of good old Sol. Fucked and not wandering if you will. And the little green people knew it and we suspected they set it up - the bastards. But there appeared nothing to be done except plan for a better future. Or fret. Or both.

Fast our expeditions ricocheted through this system they gave us and we were bound to. Slow was any progress at all in fathoming how to go beyond. No-one - not even in the future - like the prospect of being fried alive or otherwise (for there was some debate of how long the few who had met that fate actually suffered. Some said weeks others moments. Few were willing to ever find out again.

And our ships for still other reasons sputtered and failed or got mega-buck lost at exactly the limits the greenies gave us. Also their doing the conspiricist party alleged and most accepted despite protestations from their publicists to the contrary. There it was. Thus it were. So it be.

Invisible lines etched into the night sky. Children were taught "This is our Universe". They marked the celestial objects that bordered our domain in 3-D join the dot drawings. Usually called The Banana much to the disappointment of the various competing space advertising agencies. No matter how many other names were floated or how wonderful the accompanying maps of this universe Banana it was and Banana it seemed to remain. Short of depopulation - been there, done that - they were stuck with it. And the writing and the rewriting of the superior Banana maps seemed to occur daily as the pace and fervour of exploration mounted careful no to go further than the skin allowed.



Earth seven was a mere four hundred thousand light years away - nearly a weeks travel time including vessel entry, compression and re-entry/decompression. E-7 did not contain any life forms of note not since it had been sanitized for (theoretical) colonization some decades ago. After many, Many, MANY debates and legislative motions. charter assignments, instrument signings and permit grantings, unavoidable and entertaining suits and countersuits, more controversy and conflict and so on and so forth the planet was almost ceded to the province of Greater China whose plans now included the eventual moving of most of it's forty Billion inhabitants solar system wide to what was dubbed "DragonWorld". For the themeland that would feature centrally and which sponsored the original discovery and held the production rights therefore over the E-7 image.

And in respect to E-8 and E-6 and E-4 but not E-2 which was finally finalized (going to The province of North America of course) and the rest down on the home world government ground their slow way through the mess. As if it were the twenty-first century all over again. Infinitely slow. Carelessly careful. Maddeningly procedural and constitutional. Never mind that the constitution was now some eleven thousand herbabytes in size. A vast mountains of data compiled, recompiled, sub-claused and associate documented, assembled, disassembled and reassembled yet again and again. A constitution of constitutions oif constitutions as they said! And with everyone getting in line for their piece of the gigantic action out there not just the gems like Earth Seven as it was called for the time being were being grabbed over. No. No bloody exception apparently was made. Even diamond bearing asteroid, molten gold planet-oid, titanium or bulanium or whateveranium cored or streaked or mantled other world was also so fought over. Throttled and choked over. The mad push to occupy the far reaches of the cosmos - well our little corner of it any ways - and theoretical, totally theoretical - had at that point ground to a slow grind. A truth generally known among everyone save those who were in the line.

It was the universal joke. The ties that bound the simple folk in their planetary cruiser vans and interplanetary sports ships top down or up. The funny that underlay the serious business of Earth the original.

Earth seven was remarkably similar to home. Only this planet lay in a system of forty other planets circling a sun a little larger than ours, The world was hence a little further from the sustaining orb and featured seasons and climate, basic geology and geography remarkably similar to the Earth. Differences were, of course indicated. But on the world a preparatory legion of machines and robots, instruments and megazoidal atmospheric and biologic soothing plants were soothing those matters out. It was almost ready for laughable occupation to the mirth of everyone.

Fortunes however were being made - new gigabillion billionaires hatched with each passing day. And no-one was laughing at that. No-one.

END



0.

She was silent for so long people took to calling her The Oracle. It was a joke. Until she started talking one day. The laughter stopped. These are my transcripts of what was said.

1.

The human population of Earth will be 6 Million people. This will be achieved by many means: war; genocide; suicide; murder; ecohulocaust; natural disaster; drought; famine; disease. You know, the typical.

This population shall be concentrated in the remnants of a very few, once great cities. Located in the very few remaining, human habitable fragments of the future ecosystem. The vast majority of Earth will be more or less permanently uninhabitable by humans and other primates. For a very, very long time. Likely tens of millions of years. Possibly forever.

Human beings, located in these minute centres of habitation, will subsist on an extremely limited basis more or less also forever. The governance, technology, cultures and so on that brought us to this tomorrow will all have failed completely. Totally. Both to avert this outcome and offer any solutions beyond further disaster.

Earth lands, seas and atmosphere, unencumbered by any human interference will, with whatever wild life remains, gradually, over a hundred million years perhaps, recover a new natural order. Evolving another ecological reality, of which humans will entail a negligible and largely invisible presence. Living our lives as our ancient ancestors lived their lives. Invisible. On the margins. Blessed.

And while there may be endeavours to colonize the moon, planets and what we call outer space. And perhaps amazing discoveries and inventions and more, \*nothing\* will survive beyond a score of human generations. Everything and all will be subsumed. Nothing will remain except in ruin and ruination. Subsumed by a hungry geology. Eventually forming a crushed layer deep within the planet. To be returned to a molten interior one long day away. Or, perhaps, rendered into a geologic layer of a few insignificant but toxic centimetres. Buried hundreds of meters beneath the future surface. Never. To. Be. Uncovered. Again.

Everything humans create only heightens the human caused apocalypse. The only one resolution (if it be called that) is the cessation of human activities as expressed in the last two or three hundred blip years into our present. An epoch extending perhaps a few hundred or maybe thousands of years ahead. Before the inevitable. Downfall. Collapse. Utter devastation.

The true singularity we are facing: the only future is a planet restored to the billion year balance that existed before all this. This that represents is a mere fragment of the smallest fraction in the life of the planet, let alone the galaxy. Let alone the universe.

And there is nothing I can do about all this as an individual. Except, perhaps, draw attention to what is occurring. What will occur. Though that too is fundamentally futile. Since the ecological processes, cultural redressing, natural reactions and systemic counterbalancing, etc. are already in full effect. Though we are only now realizing just what a profound outcome lies ahead.

All of this is a cause for deep concern and disturbance from the currently prevalent perspective. A viewpoint that is fundamentally immature, mechanistic, materialistic and extremely primitive. The psyche-set that brought us to this emergent downfall.

I do not share this viewpoint. Not in the least. In no way. In fact and in deed I reject pretty much everything about these last few hundred years of alleged advanced civilization. Believing it to be the opposite of claimed. Holding the rise of the modern world to be an aberration. The result of the very strengths and weaknesses that are encompassed in human being, in be-





ing human. To be determined by vastly greater and predominantly unknown natural processes. That are unfolding or beginning to unfold now. And will transpire in the coming days.

There is nothing to fear in all this. Neither in what we call today, nor in that which is termed tomorrow. No cause for alarm or panic. No reason to mourn or bemoan this picture I present. Only the prevailing wisdom and practice will demise. And everything associated with that attitude and living pattern.

For the universe is everywhere alive. We and every lifeform here on Earth or elsewhere is part of this living universe. Humans can no more incredibly extinguish life than we can magically end the universe. The idea is laughable. A joke. A joke we play on and by ourselves, the ridiculous (non)masters of this or any imaginable living universe. It is just plain fun and funny. The universe laughs and me with it.

So stupid, human beings, stop your imagining. That all this is all so great. That it is forever. That we human beings are anything other than pitifully tiny, weak and vulnerable little creatures. Entirely dependent upon Earth for every facet of our sustenance and well being. And cannot – will not and will never – exist otherwise. And, try as we may and might, we can no more to dominate the universe than the galaxy or so-called solar system, or planet Earth. We are totally vulnerable. Entirely dependent upon all of the above. Which form life itself. Which is in no danger from pipsqueek, amoebic human beings or their silly, fast fading deathcivilization.

Life. Is. Infinite. There is no end to life. No beginning. Or rather no end or beginning that we will ever fathom. So great and vast and incredible is this life. We can only stand, minuscule beings, in awe of life. Understanding that every blazing light in the sky (day or night, always there) holds an infinite, fantastically varied, inconceivably complex array of life in every way we view as possible, impossible, probable, improbable, real or unreal. Literally. Infinite.

So while there may be something termed “death” here on Earth or in similar environs and circumstances. This is be not means an end to this universal life. Life has no end, no beginning, etcetera, see above (LoL).

Virtually everything I have written so far is in basic, complete opposition to prevailing and accepted cultural realities. Which are themselves all wrong. Or, rather, tricks of a very human perspective. The result being that everyone believes the stupid things we are told. Even if it's absurd. And flies in the face of all of the millions of years of human experience \*before\* these current, non-end end-times. End times only because we are living entirely unsustainably. Non-end because, well, all that life is infinite stuff (also see above). Stupid. Ignorant. Limiting. Sick. Dead. Wrong. Six words to summarize this world civilization. There are many more to add. Make your own list and share it.

My more? Cancerous. Out of control. Self-defeating. Ephemeral. Already collapsing a mere few hundred years along it's course. Unsustainable. Hubris defined. Horrific. Murderous. Genocidal. Specicidal. Anthrocidal. Gaiacidal. Some new words for you to figure out.

Sustainable is what existed for countless tens thousands of aeons: a relatively tiny population of human beings in a veritable paradise (for human and all other beings). The one and the only way we did and can and will, one day, survive.

All of this is or can be pretty shocking news. Worthy of hunting me, the author down. And imprisoning me or declaring myself insane. Alternately mocking or ostracizing or even killing me. This is how people react to emerging truths. More so when they are actively invested in resisting these emergent realities. When their lives centre around everything that is about to be thrown into what they view as confusion, chaos, evil and the like. The guttural fear of emergent reality. I'm no Galileo – they call me Bob for heaven's sake... though Allisat is a pretty oddly cool last name (which is all, regardless, irrelevant!). Te reality remains. And it's really no shock. Collectively we are on the verge of this realization I am delineating. Right on the sharp edge of discovering just what an abyss lies dead ahead.



What I warrant is this: if you were to poll what we call the scientific community in its entirety these people would agree with everything I have written so far. This consensus is, of course, impossible. The science of this day is as fragmented as the society it exists within. Such that one discipline of science doesn't have the vaguest clue what the other sciences have discovered. Amazing discoveries lost one sub-science to the crazy array of other sub-sciences. Part of the real limitations of human being. A part of the problem – if I can extemporaneously put it that way. Scientists world wide would agree if they could agree. And this might be changing very rapidly as well.

No, we are not masters of ourselves let alone the blessed and beautiful Earth. And forget about the vastness of our galaxy or a universe without end! We can't even master our sciences. Or human being selves. Not now any ways. Not never?

In a million or two million years of planetary recovery the human experience will resume its course. Not saying that individuals within this current melee cannot achieve a degree of insight and transcendence in what are fundamentally cataclysmic and collectively terminal realities. Just that it's problematic, and will become more so. Understanding just what a ultimately perilous outcome is unfolding around us will not improve composure, compassion, reflection and understanding. Quite the contrary. It will be difficult just to take a shit or piss in peace. And food? Water? A safe place to sleep? Soon to be luxuries.

There is never a time when atomic, individual evolution cannot occur. But when the entire surrounds and supporting systems are in fail and fall mode (which I allege to be the case) it's a little difficult. If not impossible. Hell, soon no-one will be able to see the stars even anymore. The milky way being a chocolate bar for many, an unexperienced something up there somewhere for more and more. And when there is no more darkness for our lights? Solitude for our prodigious numbers? Consolation for the mounting variety of disasters and deviances? No food or water? Air so foul we cannot breath? What room is there for more than raw survival or (what we call) death? None. No place. To hide or run or pause.

So to forge a place, a space in all of this unrealized but very real downfall becomes more and more impossible. Increasingly difficult. Until it will be not. And not some vast distance from this moment. Very, very soon. So. Until then, or during, or afterwards: what's the point?

Well, being as limited as the next human, I don't truly know. The reason. The point. Just that there is one. Though I will never know it. Nor will you. Or any human being. All that infinity business being why.

We are being driven by some essential reality. Some force or motivator. A stream that we are in the midst of, a part of, both moving and moving with. But the reason? The why? The core? Unknowable. Unknown.

Now everything I have written here is in no ways superhuman. I endeavour to be, to live, as fully a human being as possible within this broken, falling and failing civilization. Bereft of even the most basic comforts of our near ancestors (stars, the milky way, wilderness, pure water, clean air, silence and so on). Existing in a hell world that is lauded as the greatest and perhaps (ha!) only civilization in the universe(!). Seeking intelligent life "out there" when we were once surrounded by whole communities of intelligences in what we call the animals once around us. Which still exist even as they are being human exterminated. World wide. And will soon no longer exist except in fragmentation. Then, perhaps not at all. Scant survivors along with a few score humans from which the natural rebuild will begin. A life reborn, reformed, relentless. Without end. Life is predominant.

The fact is I am, we are, all of us, all life here is infinite. Has no end. While there is birth and death and lives lived between, life is a continuum. Life extends in all directions, everywhere. Indeed every what we term "thing" is alive, is life. So the idea, the concept that life can be ended is as limited and wrong as the rest of the ideas of this brief epoch of ours. The idea that I am better or different than you (or you me). The concept of the death of life. The fantasy that we are machines and that when the body dies life comes to a termination in nothingness. The illusion of nothingness. The ideations of randomness and meaninglessness. All the phenom-



ena of all the limitations expressed as human beings. Which are only increasing as we “rose” and then inevitably are falling and failing. Becoming more and more unlikely than anyone will have a moment even to engage. To ponder. To unwind the confusing mess. And acquire even a modicum of perspective. What would have been obvious to any human a mere twenty thousand of our years ago is largely oblivious to us. And will only become more so as we creep ahead towards... I don't even know what to call it.

And it doesn't really matter what to call it. Only that humans cannot save the planet. Only that the planet can save humans. Though with much adjustment. Solely, inevitably, undeniably only on the part of humans. All the other life forms are and will suffer innocently along with us. The survivors all in the end forming the basis of a new ecosystem some hundreds of thousands or millions of years from now. When once again there will be balance. Balance never having left or lost just losing and leaving this all torching, utterly insane human epoch in the never ending process. This too is natural. We are natural. We are part of this Earth. In the present form. For this instant, as measured in geological terms. A flash of over development of one species. Terminated naturally as suddenly as it flared up.

I will, you we, we all will, continue to live our lives between described birth and death. Life – both ours and of the Earth and beyond – knowing no end.

What I write gives me both no and infinite comfort. Zero and unending hope. Null and all sustenance. Nothing and the indescribable. I do not like telling you most all future generations will die. That the buildings and machinery, the great accomplishments in their totality will be dust and less. That all the fine art and sciences are ridiculous mawkeries of a universe so sublime they will be abandoned completely about five seconds from now. That virtually every other animal (mammal, amphibian, reptile, more) is doomed and extinct as we speak. That most plant life will go the same way. And even simple and monocellular forms will be devastated. No. That's not very pleasant news to deliver. Not to we modern children who never seem to grow up. Never seem able to control or reign in ourselves or our activities. Back to the limitations of human being. Which is not the only being in this universe. Not by the longest of long shots. Being is so much more than human. If human is a grain of sand being is the universe.

So what am I to do? What are you to do? What are we to do? Well I don't know what you are to do. And I don't know what we will do. But I know what I am to do. And that is life my life as fully as I am able. To realize the life force within me. The dreams and visions. The hopes and wonders. The life I find myself within. Knowing. Regardless.

I am tired and must sleep before I take these matters up anew. 15/11/2019

END

**PURE****The Human Microbiome**

Human life removed of all extra-human cellular content, minus all bacterial or viral presences. Unable to exist in a terrestrial environment, digest any of the foods or beverages of the past. Altering the shape and structure of human beings. Allowing them to live only in low gravity, controlled environments though virtually forever. Thirty or three thousand or a hundred thousand years from now.

Earth no longer could be seen amongst the firmament, hanging silent in a bright blackness. Nothing of the originating solar system existed. Except for the glow of one galaxy among many.

**Doctor Sleep Valley Dead**

The day they moved everything over to the new building came with no cutting of ribbons or cakes, no smiling President shaking hands, no smiling politician and certainly no media release. One crew had been there a few weeks setting everything up. The rest toiled on in the old, cramped facilities until the Friday before the Monday. When everyone just drove there to work instead of the other place. Which was left as is, door locked and maintenance workers cleaning the empty shell every night as is someone were really there.

Consolidated Cycles LLC was what the small, stainless steel sign said outside. Nothing else.



There are a million million stars in the sky. As many stars as grains of sand in all the surf washed beaches of this small planet. On the outskirts of the city a boy lays in the evening grass looking up at all those stars. At the stars whose names he has only begun to read in the ASTRONOMY book his Dad sent him for Christmas.

The boy looks up, up, up and, dreaming away. Far, far outwards. Beyond where anyone has ventured. Anyone human any ways. Rocket ships cannot hold his boundless imagination. For like all boys beyond a certain demarcation of the imagination he falls very much and deeply asleep. Where his mother finds him and has his father carry him to bed, changing him into his space print jammies. Tucking his teddy bear his gammy got him for his second birthday and is now inseparable from (at bedtimes any ways) close beside him. And like all boys and girls throughout all times there has been boys and girls dreams, childish, sweet and silly, frightening and fascinating fill the night in sweeping rhythm. A great, opening world within as profoundly infinite and unbreachable as all of outer space. It is here we begin the journey, long away and far ago...

Billy they used to call him. Then Bill, Will and finally Commander and then just Struthers. The path from Billy to Struthers has been traversed by many generations of what they used to call astronauts. It involves a progression of tasks, responsibilities and abilities. A lock step increase in scope, depth and breadth of skills. Until finally they sit in the cockpit or control area or, nowadays in the pod. The pod being the equivalent minus all the science fiction glowing lights, snap and sliding switches and inexplicable beeps, tones and so on. For you see we still kept a record of your movies. Your TV programs and entertainments, games and simulations that brought us here. Though how many layers between them and you and us is anyone's guess. Well two hundred and thirty six being the average. But who's counting except for everyone. And no-one. And Struthers. Counting under his breath ever so quietly. Nine, eight, seven - I guess counting down might be a more accurate description of what he's doing. And at zero minus 7 the unpredictable delay catches up to the predictive. With a whoosh and a flash the craft ahead of him is gone. As suddenly as he will disappear. In another fifteen counts or so - give or take the variable of each pilots reflexes.

The art and science of navigation at supra-liminal speeds was marred by at least a hundred years of intermittent disasters. In which whole colonies were dispatched to the middle of super novas. And various fleets, vessels, explorers and the like were fused together, into the core of frozen giants, spaghettied into vortex funnels, exploded by unidentified planetoids, fissioned, emblazoned, dispersed and generally errored into the demise of countless Earthlings and their descendants. For same generations had already inhabited vast regions of the galaxy persistent accidents aside.

It was almost a joke that the commission of a voyage could lead to just about any tragic outcome from instant freezing to spontaneous collective immolation. Almost being operative until the formula were finally honed to perfection death and death of millions was an all to real prospect once we left our world behind.

Earth had been transformed again into more or less it's original state. More or less meaning minus it's human inhabitants - who had long ago abandoned the home world for the furthest reaches and beyond. Beyond the boy and girlhood dreams. Vastly beyond.

Where Struthers was now heading this time alone. Bearing a payload of various criticalities none of which essential but as a whole absolutely so. His - their - desintation was another prominent colonies once thought forever beyond human experience, like they all were. Once they imagined the world was flat - once they believed the speed of light was the absolute and unachievable limit. How wrong we all are in the sharp hindsight of history. And time.

And the childish concept that time should be somehow stopped and started and in some way transgressed also was another of those childishness things we left behind. Like ray guns and mini-skirted green she vixens lurking behind the styrofoam boulders littering every alien world.



For we had honestly yet to find a humanoid life-form though life out there teemed with vastly greater abundance than old Earth.

Life in all forms and shapes, chemistries and physics. Life that would be indescribable in the old terms and the passed languages. Life in a blinding array of dizzying abundance. Life of greater and lesser and variations of intelligence and strength that defies description in the once terms. We trade and exchange and, yes, even warred with the lifeforms we encountered. But for some time now there has been almost consistent peace as we knew it. Or more accurately the death and dying times had been ended when all those who had to die died, and all those who had to be killed to instate peace had been killed. Which is to say all the warriors and their leaders down the the last single solitary one. That much was certain though of certainty there was abundance as of life.

In outer space we have found our home. The home world left behind more or less as it was. A few million souls who choose to live the primordial life. They say it's beautiful but fewer and fewer return. One day no-one will and perhaps history will start over for those left behind. Perhaps. History takes on a whole new meaning when conjoined with civilizations and realms that have been extant since the first sparkings on life in what we used to call the universe. History melts and transforms, blends and warps, dissolved and finally resolves. Like the old moon rising in the firmament is not disappeared simply because we also saw the face of God up there. It was still the moon. So humans hold to their history and concept thereof even though they fully realize it is more or less absurd and absurdly insignificant when living in the shadows of the gods.

The gods though are no more gods than we are gods to the dogs and ants of old Earth. Only to understand them we had to somehow discard our Earthliness. And yet maintain it - a clever and very human balancing act of some dexterity. Like mice before kings, specks before infinities, humans with those who are most decidedly not each somehow hold their own place. Not mere meaningless placeholders but integral, essential, a part of the whole.

The whole was once described in the most parochial terms. Descriptions now abandoned along with so many conventions of times past. The secret of our survival in outer space may have indeed been our ability to retreat into that boy's inner space in the face of truly boggling contradictions, paradoxes and enigmas. Where it was equally possible to be here and not here, there and at quite another state or place all at the same... well - all together any ways. There's the difficulty with old language again though I love it and preserve it in these writings.

Not much of old Earth remains in the outworlds and beyond. Memorabilia disintegrates as fast as memories though you could say we all carry our earthliness with us where ever we go. Imprinted, indwelling, expressed if in new and strange forms. For what we called evolution has not stopped in moving beyond. Indeed it has accelerated in amazing ways. So that at the further reaches the differentiations have been staggering. Placing members of once the same people side by side and one might have difficulty seeing the similarities. But they are there at the most essential level still. Soon it may not be so. But it doesn't really matter any longer.

Flashing from terrifically distant point to terrifically distant point in a matter of instants has this way of terrifically altering your perspective of life and everything before. Everything before seeming terribly quaint and small and simple.

END



Snow lies deep over the land, darkness seeping out from under heavy boughs and neath ere overhang and rockscape. Winter came early and may well stay late into May or even June. Now it is almost silent. Save the chickadees far and away. A blue Jay's last call before night falls completely.

This is a story not of murder and blood but of a man and a woman. They came to this forest far even from the last rugged logging road to seek peace. The live off the grid. To chop wood, trap, hunt. She also to weave, he to build. Both seeking a new life from where they had come from. Escaped from. Fled from.

Sanctuary is a concept obsolete in a world of those who respect no boundaries, know no limits. They will boot march into any sanctum, rudely arresting, with attitude if necessary, anyone, at any time and anywhere. No matter that there are wailing voices or children or the other innocents present. Their will be done.

Nameless man knew this. Faceless woman feared this. Nameless and Faceless came here, far from it all to make sure it would not happen. A nondescript suitcase full of unmarked, small bills to tide them over the inevitable rough spots of two urban rats living unmitigated in the bush.

Only it was no bush. It was perhaps the last continuous and contiguous stand of old growth forest left in Ontario. Stranded but three particularly challenging geographic features: a watershed that left bottomless swamp mud on four sides; rock scarps folded upon themselves to rip even the most jacked transmissions from any off roads vehicle quickly off; a complete lack of any mineral deposits save the twisted metamorphic rock; a distance from all communities so great as to make even occasional incursions difficult. No, impossible. Precisely the reasons Nameless and Faceless chose here to hide. To live. To die perhaps.

Also in this world there is no forgetting. No overlooking or bypassing let bygones be bygones. Transgressions of the state remain forever on the books. For there are no more books. Only a floating digital integer of indeterminant length appended to still more digital annotations. Virtually attached to virtually every indicator, identifier and indices even remotely associated with your empirical identity. One may no more disappear in our today world than suddenly appear without being found out more or less immediately.

The tales of the blank slate man or the amnesia woman are just that, tales. Swiftly fly the electrons, positrons and muons. Faster than three hundred thousand speeding bullets. Direct to target. And then the heartless, pardonless, bestial machine processes towards immutables. Sentences, mandatory, pleas, process, surrender, imprisonment, terms, hearings, served, release, halfway, parole, probation, reporting... leaving a cloud overhangs as deep and dark as any out there from which the darkness now swiftly overtakes the brilliant blue and even more brilliant white.

So many stars and a black that is indigo blue were one of the deep rewards of this flight to nowhere. A steel larder full of canned and dry goods, spring fed creek at the foot of the hill the cabin sat on, and no-one for a hundred of mile. They could live here forever save one or two twelve day trips out. Canoe. Portage. Canoe. Portage. Canoe. Portage. No talk. Money. Buy. Pack. Portage. Canoe. Portage. Canoe. Portage. Canoe. Forever or until one or both were too old to do it anymore. But there is no way either were going to face prison at that point. Or so they imagined standing there in the full bloom of their youthful health. No way.

She was the first one to fall. Through the ice. And hour later he came back from checking their line, a frozen rabbit hanging from his back. She was unconscious, he thought she was dead in a rush of adrenal horror. Laying flat on the snow with a ten foot sapling to distribute his weight and prevent a similar fate he crawled slowly out to get her.

It took more time still to drag her frozen form face blue across to the trail to the cabin. And running with her into the warmth seemed like forever. Inside the shroud of ice wilted and it was clear she wasn't dead as violent shivering took her from. And several hours or years later, honestly he couldn't tell, she was back. Talking. Shivering just a little now. They would move the snare lines away from any water. They could not trust the ice and being alone here was something both did not wish to experience. Not yet any ways.

When the Northern lights make sounds you know it's cold. Without a thermometer cold becomes something imprecise but even more real. A number can numb greater than cold. Tricking you into thinking one reading is more dangerous than another when it's all the same for soft, warm humans. Humans who die in the cold because they come from elsewhere.

**Idiot**

She told me she saw a glimmer of hope for us in my smile. I told her I am an idiot. And that Idiots smile whether it's the second coming or execution day (same thing). Which is to say don't read anything into the smile of an idiot - natural or otherwise. Unless it's a real smile.

The idiot, fool, joker is an ancient wild card, souvenir, accoutrement, hanger on, har-binger and signpost of civilization. Human civilization any ways. We are where civilization is. Jackals around the fire, foxes not too far off, wolves circling the light out of sparks and hurled embers distance. We are a gateway, passage, vacuum pulling us out of the world. But a fragment of what was a whole. Psychopomp, avatar, shaman, seer, creator. Fragment. Sufficient enough to say there is more. Entirely insufficient - in the form of the stand-up nightclub comedian, gagster comics - to represent the enormity of the other.

I walked into the night illumined by shades of orange, ugly green and sharp white street and security lights. Unseen cameras following my broken path. So if I murdered or was murdered they'd have a record of my partial fate/doom/infamy/escape. Walking slowly away.

Rain started falling on the snow mostly. Snow melting into streets. Silence but for the endless din of a distant Expressway. And a multitude of water sounds. Drips, taps, rushes, torrents underground.



If I were to write a book, one book. And that is all that would be known from my life. What would it be? The title would be simple. It would also be how the book started and ended. Like this...

## THE END

Everything is consciousness. Being. Nothing is human. Human being is just a phase. A passing. A mirage though it is, none the less, very real in a limited and limiting way. Real. Until it is not. And then it is minute. Bound. Imprisoning. Temporary and temporal. The goal being transcendence. Moving beyond. Not and never returning to the unending cycle. The circle of birthdeathbirthdeathbirthdeath forever seemingly. One after the other in whatever form.

And that is precisely where (if I can use that word) I am (in what I may call) now (both highly problematic terms).

How to contribute a possibly final message to creatures currently like me. Before I check out to the greater beyond. Kind of like a fare thee well. Here's where we're going. But not how to get there. Because that's what you do by living.

So where we go, finally, has always been "there". Is going nowhere really. Beyond here, there, anywhere. And time? Equally. Does. Not. Exist. Dimensionality? Depth, height, length, volume, weight... also not. So what in fuck is "it"? Nothing, no object. Not here. Not describable except for what it is not. And, once again, how you get "there" is by living your life. So there is no one way. No universal path. Defined by infinite ways. As many ways as there are beings in the universe. And there are infinite beings in this universe. Not just on Earth which is teeming with being. Throughout the universe in forms and functions fundamentally unimaginable (for we are limited by our own form).

And yet I am arguing there is one destination for all beings. In something I am really describing as non being. Funny concept ape man! And yet true in my experience. Which – I will hasten to add – does not include ever being any remotely famous or historic person. And probably has never involved being an actual human being. Which would explain a lot (Ha!). In my experience it all culminates in a passing. An overgoing. A transition out. Or perhaps in. Beyond anything remotely familiar but also intimately known. For it/there/whatever is the fabric upholding or underpinning it all. Something so simple and unitary that it is ungraspable in any form.

The enigma of enigmas. Mystery of mysteries.

Now this work has a shelf life. A period of your time/space after which it will be hopelessly illegible. Due to the same limitations that bind us (temporarily). And that I understand. And I hope you do too. Don't go saying this is the truth forever and ever ah-men. It isn't. The message is limited. Delimiting. A ticking expiry machine. How long before it is meaningless? Not my problem. Yours. But it is.

To return to the problem... only by living can we move beyond. Transcend. There is no one way to live. Except fully. And we do that any ways. To the best of our abilities and disabilities. Until we do not anymore. There are no angels singing, no heavenly chorus, no miraculous signs once we are done with the here and now (ridicu-



lous, childish concepts!). It is just over. Done. Poof. Vanish. As if into nothing. Only this time \*not\* to return.

Which pretty much assumes the cycle of reincarnations is real and the way we evolve. From one form to another, the precious centre somehow growing. Until it is all and that is done for good.

The forms we reincarnate to/from are limited only by the universe we are bound to. Which is to say pretty much infinite in time/space. It is absurd to imagine that we plod along simply on Earth following the simplistic Darwinian path to glorious pinnacle... humanity! Laughable really. Our capacity to materialize is limited only by the universe. Which is, I remind you, basically infinite. Not like the beyond. But infinite as in form/function. Infinite as in composition and capacities. Infinite as in shape, size, longevity, structure, base, expression, impression... in all and every aspect of being. There are as many different types of being in the universe as there are on Earth. We cannot count the species here there are so many. Multiply that by infinity.

So we ping from life to life. Unbound by the gravity of Earth or mere distances. Picking and choosing by the nature of our nature where and when to go, to live, to experience. Through the unknown and unknowable. Until we become the unknown and unknowable.

A complex, intertwined path, even for one entity. And all entities in concert? Boggling! An entity ecosystem as vast and as it is dense. With one goal at heart.

Transcend. Go beyond. Become what is unknown and unknowable. Is this my book? A how to for something that has how to? Again, laughable! What a joke! But there you are. That to is real.

It's really about authenticity. About living your life to the fullest. From start to finish. Which is what you will do any ways. Regardless. Except for that last one. The last life. The last incarnation. Then \*everything\* becomes critical. And the closer to the completion the more critical everything becomes. Every action and reaction. Every thought, feeling, gesture and imagining. Then it either all comes together. Or, whoops! you're back again. A crucial time/space of critical time/spacing.

Deselfing

Time not existing

Keeping clear of all obstacles

Disentangling. Refusing entanglement.

THE END

Like the disclaimer stated, these are highly imperfect works. Salvaged from a lifetime of writings. Unpublished. Seen by few if any. All together such as it is, as is, what it is.

I did this so I could write new works. Complete longer format writings. Publish more fulsome and polished stories. Both fictional and non-fictional. For they are all, in the end, stories told. Based in imagination or reality seeking. Is there a difference. Yes. Certainly. As certainly as all of the stories contained herein are fictional. Fiction. Not real. Made up. Though, hopefully, providing meaning. Use. Entertainment from time to time.

This book (IMPROVED) and previously released NEW were created to release. To liberate. The upload for download. Directed to art writers and art readers. The mad curious and obsessive researcher. Investigators. Explorers of the obscure, the incomplete, the literarcheological to coin a phrase probably already coined. It is for my fifty fans (most of "whom" are likely bots! LOL) and to the fanatics of the written word.

Aside: at twenty my brother \_rest in peace and love Tom\_ asked me to pick up transcripts for him at the high school we both attended. I was in my first or second year of university. Went back to the school office and made the ask. They were happy to provide the transcripts but told me it would be a half hour or so to get everything together. Suggesting I go to the library while waiting. Different 1970's world.

This was late summer. No kids. No teachers. In the library I leafed through a few books. Discovering my name in virtually every one.... different world. Required writing one's name in a slip of paper attached to the book with the return date stamped beside it. Virtually every book it turned out.

Seems like I had checked out the majority of books in that high school library. Maybe four or five HUNDRED books. That was an insane discovery. But highly understandable. My first ambition in life, my number one improbable career choice way back then was writer. As in Hemingway, Tolstoy, you know. Serious. Writers.

Back to the thread started... so this IMPROVED book is for reader/writer dweebs, nerds, goofs, eggheads, etc. like me. The aficionados. The obsessives and compulsives. To read. To write. To write. To read.

Thank you + Bob Allisat Toronto, January 31, 2025

END

